

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

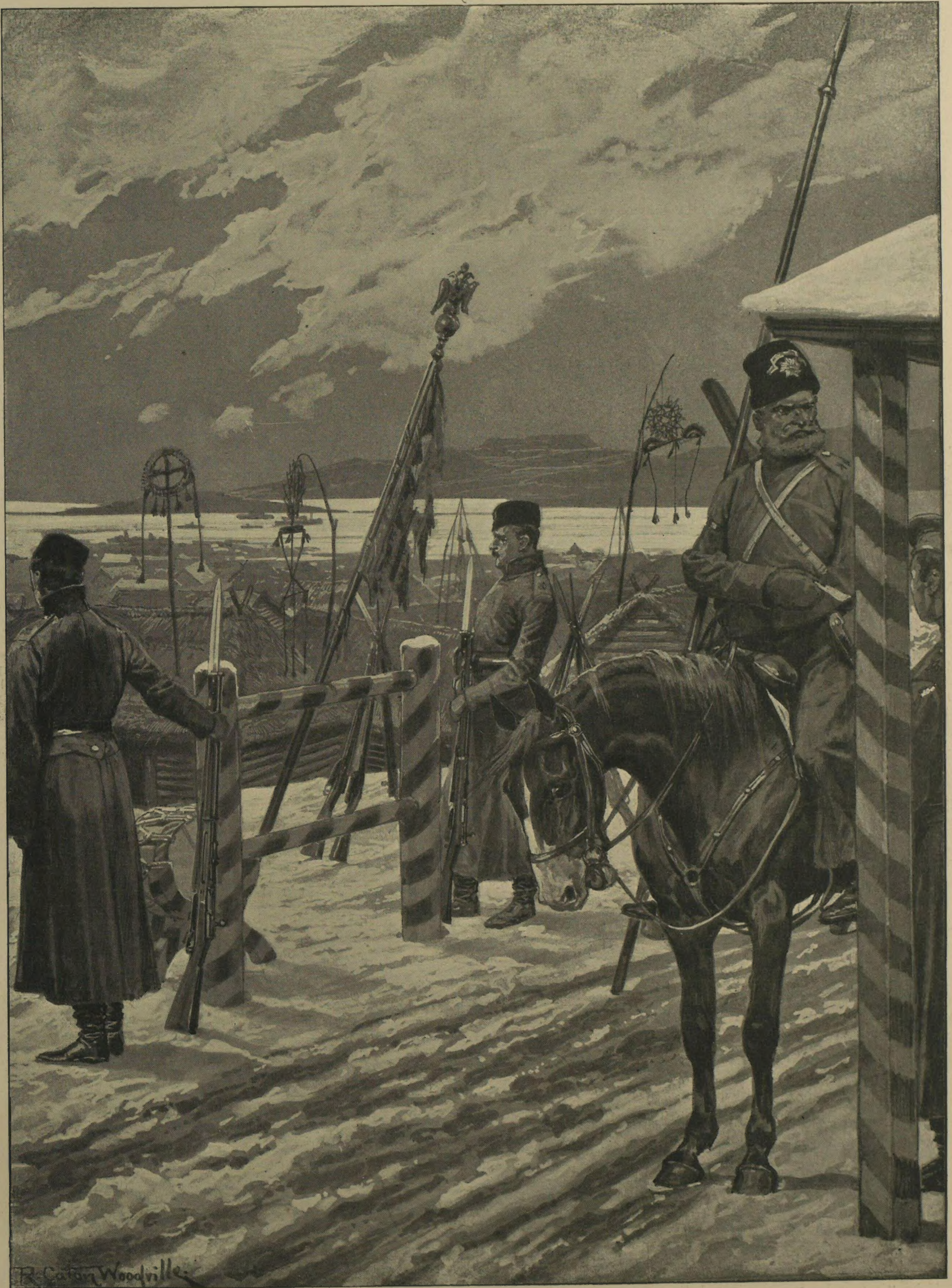
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1904

SIXPENCE.

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MUSCOVY IN MANCHURIA: A COSSACK STATION WITH TRIBAL SIGNS OVER THE MEN'S HUTS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

In addition to the curious tribal signs, the picture contains several interesting military symbols. The flag-rest denotes the house of the Commandant and Headquarters Staff. All Russian Government property is painted in black-and-white stripes.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Pathetic is the complaint of Mr. G. F. Watts to Mr. Harold Begbie in the *Pall Mall Magazine*: "The whole world is confounded by the Babel of complexity: no one knows what to think." There is the fiscal question, to which Mr. Watts has given his mind. He has gone into it so far that he sees perfect honesty on both sides—a vision which is certainly denied to many of the disputants. But why are we not all agreed? "Are we to conclude," wails Mr. Watts, "that in the matter of the commercial policy of a nation there is no obvious right and no obvious wrong?" If right and wrong were obvious, what would become of the party system? Perhaps there was a time in the history of the human race when every honest man saw the right thing, and promptly did it amidst the applause of his fellows. It must have been the Roman period, when none was for the party, and all were for the State. You will not find it in any historian. Not even the legendary building of Rome gives you an example of it; for, as Mr. Watts will remember, Remus started a party, and Romulus had to knock him on the head. When society began, perhaps the earliest communities were harmonious, and debate was unknown. That may have been the golden age of simplicity. Horrid complexity ensued when even the most righteous failed to see alike; and I daresay the first symptom of the evil was a dispute about taxation.

It has reached appalling dimensions now. A certain philosopher informs the *Times* that he means to use plain speech about public men. One of them he honestly believes to be a "tawdry charlatan" and a "vulgar demagogue." Why do not the taste and aptness of these epithets commend themselves to all? A few years ago the same philosopher told his countrymen that they were "becoming a race of blackguards." Why did they not agree with him? "One feels one is living in a dream," as Mr. Watts says. It is now revealed that a dozen years ago Herbert Spencer warned the Japanese against Europeans and Americans. "Keep other races at arm's length, as much as possible." Japan should wrap herself up in her own ideas, and be as aloof from the foreigner as Shylock from the Christian. "I will not eat with you, drink with you, or pray with you." Even this advice was not obviously right to the Japanese, who, of all the Orientals, are the most eager to assimilate Western philosophy. One of them sat at Herbert Spencer's feet in the Athenæum Club, and listened with respectful amazement to this theory of national growth. Perhaps he thought the Western nations would be in a droll state now if they could have practised it successfully. If the ancient Britons, who painted themselves with woad, had kept Cæsar at arm's length, and wrapped this isle in the comforting ministrations of the Druids, the course of history would have made cheerful reading. Nothing worse could happen to a race, said the oracle of the Athenæum, than mixture with another. And yet all the races of Europe are about as mixed as they can be! There's no simplicity anywhere; nothing but the complex. Poor Mr. Watts!

The confusion of tongues in our party contests prompts Mr. George Street to propose the abolition of political meetings. Why cannot this work be done by the newspapers? Who wants to hear "a halting mediocrity laboriously and imperfectly expounding what you know already"? Mr. Street sees an obviously simple remedy. Let the newspapers "refuse to report any speeches whatever except those made by four or five politicians, who should be agreed upon by a general vote." A most sensible suggestion, but it will not be adopted. Candidates, however inarticulate, persist in addressing meetings. There is a strange fascination for the multitude in the spectacle of a well-meaning Englishman, without the slightest faculty of expression, fumbling and stumbling through the politics of the day. "Why can't he write to the newspapers," asks Mr. Street, "and say in a few lines what opinions he holds, and have done with it?" But in public life you are never done with it; you have to go on repeating the same arguments and statistics—Oh, those statistics!—or your electors will be captured by the other side. Besides, meetings are not always tedious. They can be broken up by robust righteousness; and then the complex casuist enjoys himself by proving that it is an obvious duty to wreck your meetings, but most immoral to meddle with his.

I heard a politician lately expounding the morals of electioneering riot. "Oh, yes, we broke up their meeting. They brought a lot of fellows to keep order. Of course, our fellows could not stand that; so they threw flower-pots." What could be simpler? But Mr. Street is not satisfied. He has no objection to riot, but thinks "it may be more easily and less wastefully procured by a turn with the gloves or

a football-match." I don't know how it strikes Mr. Watts; but this seems to me a narrow and arbitrary restriction of the popular amusements. Why rob the elector of the holy joy of storming a platform? Is he not convinced that by silencing the foe he is checking the propagation of evil? It is the old dogma of the Inquisition in the fancy dress of democracy. Mr. Street's "turn with the gloves" reminds me that some head-master, name unknown, has formally adopted this arbitrament in the school discipline. Boys who differ about the fiscal question fight it out in his presence. There are girls in the school, and they are eager to figure as Queens of Beauty at the tournament. This reversion to an ancient custom should please Mr. Street. But what does Mr. Watts say?

In Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play at the Haymarket there is a professor of moral philosophy who describes how he applied the theory of obvious right and wrong. "When I accepted my present professorship, I determined to make no truce with the organised system of conventional lying which supports and regulates English society. I determined to speak the truth on all occasions, with an absolute disregard of any pain or discomfort I might cause to those around me. I determined to make my office the means of bringing about some small relation between moral theory and personal practice in England. What has been the result? I say it with pride and exhilaration—I have made enemies everywhere! My class-room is deserted! My windows have twice been gutted! And on one occasion I only avoided the indignity of a personal encounter by remaining indoors for two days!" This is not such a caricature as it may seem at first sight. I am wondering whether a certain Parliamentarian who writes breezy letters to the Press has found it expedient to remain indoors since the latest series began. He has incensed the friends of an eminent public man by describing as "childish fatuity" what they call statesmanship; and he has denounced their ideal of a noble and unselfish attitude as a "dirty game."

In a work by an American divine I find the physiological view of sleep set down as blasphemous, because it implies that man sleeps away a third of his lifetime merely to keep himself in health. The poor physiologist, who judges according to his lights, is told that he is a base materialist. To the American divine it is obvious that our nightly oblivion is designed to withdraw the soul from the world into communion with spirits. The proof of this is that when we wake in the morning we feel much more kindly towards our fellow-men than at any other time of the day. I should like some evidence on this point. What if it should turn out that those letters to the papers, accusing a noble and unselfish statesman of playing a "dirty game," were written immediately after breakfast? In what spiritual communion are we to suppose that the writer passed the night? Are we more charitable, as a rule, when shaving by a dim light on a morning of our beautiful winter climate than when we have dismissed the day's troubles, and are sitting comfortably down to enjoy the hospitality of a friend who knows how to order a dinner?

If any reader has an obvious answer to that question, I shall be glad to hear from him. As far as I can judge, neither in the morning nor the evening am I disposed to agree with Mr. William Sharp's dictum in the *Pall Mall Magazine* that Thackeray lacked the "deep intellectual vision" and "artistic sentiment" of Dickens. Dickens seems to me the least intellectual and artistic of all the great writers of fiction; but I know I shall get postcards in a day or two, telling me this opinion is obviously absurd, and even immoral. Mr. Cecil Raleigh states that a play entitled "The White Slaves of London" has been refused a license on the ground that "there are no slaves in London." I wonder what would happen if the Censor were asked to cast his official eye over a tragedy called "The Snakes of Iceland"? Would he ban it because a most careful observer reported long ago that "there are no snakes in Iceland"? Anyhow, as a question of obvious right or wrong, how should this little affair be regarded?

The whole world is indeed confounded by this Babel of complexity. I offer Mr. Watts these illustrations of his text with every assurance of my respectful homage. But it may comfort him to note one triumph of simplicity. An actor-manager, who turned a dramatic critic out of his theatre nearly a year ago, has at last discovered that he was obviously wrong. He has made a clean breast of it, purged the stuffed bosom of perilous stuff, as Macbeth would say; and upon that expansive and manly front the dramatic critic has magnanimously fallen. It is an incident for the painter or the sculptor. Some Academician should put it on canvas and sell it to the Chantrey Bequest. We want it as a trophy for triumphal show, to remind the world that every quarrel is not settled by the clash of arms.

A BABU IN TIBET.

"The Ingoldsby Legends" tell us of a valiant dame of ancient days who "didn't fear death, but she couldn't bear pinching." This frame of mind seems exactly to describe the spirit in which Babu Sarat Chandra Das, a Bengali of the Bengalis, carried out his pilgrimage to the sacred city of Lhasa in the years 1881-82, an account of which, after forming for twenty years part of the "secret and confidential" papers of the Indian Government, was not long ago published in England.

Sprung from the most timid and cowardly race on earth, a people who openly confess themselves to be utterly devoid of physical courage, and think it no shame, this extraordinary man undertook a most perilous journey over snow-passes higher than the highest part of the Alps, into a country strictly closed to all foreigners, where discovery might lead at any moment to torture and death; where his life was of the roughest, his food of the coarsest; where he suffered tremendous hardships from cold, fatigue, and illness. And in this country he spent a year wandering from place to place until he had seen all the holiest sanctuaries of Buddhism, and met the Dalai Lama face to face.

Living daily in danger of discovery, visiting and conversing with persons in the worst stage of smallpox, and keeping up his pluck and spirits through all this, he still complains bitterly of his sufferings from cold, is in terror of the Tibetan dogs, and when he falls ill weeps copiously at the idea of dying in a strange land away from his friends. And yet the risks he ran were real enough. Men flogged to death with bamboos, men with their eyes torn out, maimed, dumb, crippled for life from torture—these were not pleasant sights for one who knew that a mispronunciation of a common word, a mistake in wearing an article of clothing, or ignorance of a religious observance might send him to join one of those crowds of wretched prisoners which he describes as "a sickening mass of misery and pain." But the Babu is a Theist and a Fatalist. Convinced of a Divine Power watching over him, he trusts this Power to see him through, and heartily expresses his gratitude to It as peril after peril is surmounted.

His phrases are sometimes quaint, as, for example, when glissading down a snow-slope in a sitting posture he met with a piece of solid ice, and "consequently got pains in the back, caused by friction." His natural history is vague, as shown by several remarks on the fauna of the country he passed through; but he is a keen observer, a skilful doctor, a good linguist, and an educated gentleman, deeply versed in ancient history and mystic Sanskrit lore, while able without effort to bring in an occasional allusion to Shakspeare, Scott, and Cervantes. Fonder of riding than most of his countrymen, he likes a good horse, and is ready to take part in a friendly race; but he is not above pulling the said horse when he finds himself winning against a young Prince whose goodwill he is anxious to secure. His powers of diplomacy are sometimes severely tested, but his shrewd wit and clever tongue always carry him through. A previous visit to Tibet had enabled him thoroughly to master the language, and to make himself so familiar with the Buddhist religion and rituals that he actually visited Lhasa in the guise of a Lama or Buddhist priest, took part in various religious ceremonies in the central temple of the faith, and obtained a benediction on his pilgrimage from the sacred Dalai Lama himself, then a boy of eight years old.

Babu Das describes the upper class of Lamas as scholars and savants of no mean order; but the lower class seem to be worse and more degraded than the priesthood of most countries, some of them even turning highwaymen, and in one case he tells of a brutal and cold-blooded murder committed by two monks. The wealth and refinement of the great monasteries is considerable, vessels of gold being freely used in the temples, while the images are sometimes of gold, and often gorgeously bedizened with precious stones. The Natural History Museum at Gyang-tse, containing a grand collection of stuffed animals, is a feature one would hardly expect in a Buddhist monastery; while a tea-party in a Tibetan lady's room, with handsome carpets on the floor, pictures of dances and picnics on the walls, polished tables, a Chinese cabinet with some valuable china tastefully arranged on it, flower-pots in the windows, and small fancy tables on which tea and sugar-covered biscuits were served, does not sound very different from the same meal in England, though the ceiling was of fine Chinese satin, and the hostess twirled a golden prayer-wheel all the time. This lady, by the way, quite fascinates the Babu. "With her pearl-studded head-dress, her amulets of gold and ruby, her string of coral and finest amber, and her dress made of best satin and kincob, she looked more like a heroine or a goddess."

But the most interesting part of the book is the description of Lhasa itself—the great and picturesque town, surrounded by gardens and flowery meadows, parks, and groves; the curious houses roofed with bluish glazed tiles, the gilded domes, the shops three storeys high; the huts of the scavengers, built of the horns of cattle and sheep, plastered with mud; the broad and handsome main streets, the narrow and filthy lanes; the sacred trees and ancient monuments; the palaces of the nobles, and, above all, and dominating the city as its saintly occupant dominates Tibet, the great nine-storeyed monastery fortress of Potala, the residence of the Dalai Lama, the incarnate Chanrassig or Buddha, the almost divine head of the most numerously followed religion on earth. None of the many native explorers, both British and Russian subjects, who have visited Lhasa had so good an opportunity of describing the life of the upper classes and ecclesiastics of Tibet as Sarat Chandra Das, nor have any of them given us so realistic an account of Tibetan customs as this adventurous Babu, whose book is a curious comment on the native proverb: "God made the Hare and the Bengali. Where is the shame?"

PROGRESS OF THE FISCAL CAMPAIGN.

Simultaneously with the defeat of his candidate in the Norwich election, Mr. Chamberlain formally opened his Tariff Commission. He described it as an unequalled representation of British trade and industry, constituted without the slightest reference to party politics. He derided that they were Protectionists in the true sense of the word. "We do not desire to keep trade in this country for which we have no aptitude, or which can be better, more cheaply, more advantageously conducted in some other country." But they desired to give security to the national commerce, to defend it against unfair competition, to enable the Government to obtain concessions from other Powers, and to bind the Empire by ties of interest as well as sentiment. Mr. Chamberlain repudiated the allegation that no Tariff could be framed that would not make the rich richer and the poor poorer. "No policy is worth a moment's consideration which does not conduce to the prosperity of all." The Commission was founded on the assumption that some reform was desirable, but beyond that no member was committed in the slightest degree.

The Board of Trade returns for 1903 show a great increase both in exports and imports. It is contended, however, by Mr. Chamberlain's supporters that the figures are deceptive, that we imported less cotton, for instance, at a greatly enhanced price. But the volume of trade has undeniably grown, although it is accompanied by a decline of wages and employment at home. Commerce is full of these little paradoxes.

Speaking at the Guildhall, Mr. Chamberlain said the Board of Trade returns were no surprise to him. He had foreseen them when he began his mission. They confirmed his belief that when our commercial position was analysed it would be found most insecure. We had not increased our exports of manufactured goods to foreign countries. What they took from us in growing quantities was raw material. The increased exports of manufactures went to the Colonies, but the dangerous symptom was that foreign exports to our Colonies increased in a greater ratio. The City of London was the clearing-house of the world; but it could not maintain its position if the commerce of the country should decay.

The Duke of Devonshire, addressing a meeting of the Free Food League at Manchester, said that when he first discussed the fiscal question in the House of Lords he had no idea that the proposed inquiry would mean a mass of undigested statistics and an academical treatise by the Prime Minister. Nor had he expected Mr. Chamberlain's crusade. The danger of the Tariff Reform Commission was that the highly organised industries it represented would put great pressure on public opinion, while the consumers and the less organised industries would be at a disadvantage. He was still in favour of retaliation, which was opposed to the mischievous policy of preferential trade. Protection would tax the poor for the benefit of the rich, and the Unionist party ran the risk of finding itself pledged to Mr. Chamberlain's scheme.

Rumour is busy with a coalition between the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Rosebery. The Duke has denied all knowledge of the "banquet" at which he is to meet Lord Rosebery for a political palaver. But it is pleasantly suggested that if he will look at his engagement-book again, he will find a modest dinner for next month, at which the momentous conference will be held.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"JOSEPH ENTANGLED," AT THE HAYMARKET.

A matrimonial scandal in high life is, of course, the basis of Mr. H. A. Jones's new comedy of "Joseph Entangled," and not since "The Liars" has he succeeded so well with his inevitable formula. Once more this devotee of moral topics and fashionable society introduces a "smart" set which avows and expects the most unexalted code of marital conduct. Indeed, it is incomprehensible, and herein, apart from his thin second act, lies the weakness of Mr. Jones's most ingeniously worked play: why his reputable characters—the jealous but honourable husband, the suspected but faithful wife, and the maligned but chivalrous Sir Joseph Lacy—should mix with such sordid companions. Happily for the Haymarket audience, the circumstances responsible for the many harsh if witty innuendoes which are so deliberately elaborated by the author are as innocent as they are amusing. One summer night at Mr. Hardolph Mayne's town-house his wife and an old sweetheart of hers stay unknown to each other. Mayne hears the story at a club, and so comes a third act of tense emotional interest, in which the husband displays frantic incredulity, but finally convinces himself of his wife's innocence by eavesdropping. To speak Mr. Jones's entertaining dialogue there are a host of entertaining people, quaintly inane or broadly humorous, and it is enough to say that they are represented by Miss Beatrice Ferrar, Mr. Sam Sothorn, Mr. Sugden, Mr. Maurice, and Mrs. Charles Calvert. The three

principal parts fall to Mr. Waring, always seen at his best as an explosive husband; Miss Ellis Jeffreys, always charming as a volatile and harassed heroine; and Mr. Cyril Maude, to be congratulated on striking in the harmless Lothario, Joseph, a new line, and on showing the while wonderful ease of style and delightful gallantry.

NEW TURNS AT THE EMPIRE.

The newest engagement at the Empire Theatre is that of an American vocalist, by name Miss Edith Helena, who is described as a "phenomenal soprano," and certainly has a voice of extraordinary range and flexibility as well as fine quality. Her choice of songs, as offered last Monday evening, includes an excerpt from "Rigoletto," brilliantly rendered, and "The Last Rose of Summer," concluded with a cadenza, at the end of which Miss Helena easily reaches the topmost E. But her final performance is the most remarkable. Equipped with a violin, she appears to be playing on it elaborately till gradually her arm drops, the instrument falls to her side, and it is discovered that the singer herself, with closed lips, is mimicking most faithfully and charmingly the tones of the violin. The Empire programme presents several other novelties; for instance, the vivacious singing and dancing of the Hungarian Rakoczy Sextette and the wonderful jumping feats of Mr. Higgins; while there are besides more familiar turns, such as Mr. Barber's "Looping Through Space" (still a thrilling exhibition), not to mention the beautiful ballet of "Vineland."

The Foreign Office has pointed out to us that our Artist at Genoa was mistaken in representing that the two Japanese cruisers left Genoa on Jan. 9 under the British merchant flag.

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From London Bridge 12.55 p.m., due at Arundel 2.27 p.m., Littlehampton 2.36 p.m., Bognor 3.5 p.m.

SUNDAYS ONLY.—From Hastings 8.15 a.m., Bexhill 8.31 a.m., Seaford 8.40 a.m., due at London Bridge 10.30 a.m.

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The Great North-West and the Great Lake Region of North America. Paul Fountain. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)

The Paston Letters: 1422-1509. Edited by James Gairdner. Library Edition, Vol. II. (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.)

The Compleat Angler of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

Watts's Little Books on Art. R. E. D. Sketchley. (Methuen. 2s. 6d.)

The Book of Town and Window Gardening. Mrs. F. A. Bardswell. (Lane. 2s. 6d.)

Monsigny. Justus Miles Forman. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

Korea. Angus Hamilton. (Heinemann. 15s.)

Christina Rossetti's Poems. With Memoir and Notes by William Michael Rossetti. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

Rio Grande's Last Race, and Other Verses. A. B. Paterson. (Macmillan. 6s.)

The Sirdar's Oath. Bertram Mitford. (White. 6s.)

UNAUTHORISED REPRESENTATION.

As it has been ascertained that many unauthorised persons are in the habit of claiming to represent THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, the Editor desires that applications made in his name shall not be entertained unless the applicant presents an official card signed by the Editor himself or one of the Directors.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor will be pleased to consider Column Articles on subjects of immediate interest, but he cannot assume responsibility for MSS. or Sketches submitted. MSS. of Poetry can on no account be returned.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN. The suspense as to the issue in the Far East continues, but the auguries would seem to make strongly for peace. At his New Year's Day reception at St. Petersburg the Czar held a most cordial conversation with the Japanese Minister, and expressed his hope of an amicable arrangement of the dispute existing between the two Powers. His Majesty has followed this up by a declaration that he is for peace, and in a telegram to Admiral Alexeieff the Emperor of All the Russias said that he prayed for a peaceful and prosperous year for Russia. Optimists see a further chance of the avoidance of war in the invitation which the Czar has issued to the Japanese Minister to confer with him at Tsarskoe-Selo. Japan has sent Russia another communication, which leaves an open door for further discussion.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. L. J. TILLETT,
New M.P. for Norwich.

Korea threatened by Japanese tyrants. The poor Koreans, trembling at the feet of their oppressors, look for deliverance to Russia, the civiliser of Asia. Will she permit a "free nation" to be "obliterated" by conquerors who vainly strive to hide their mediævalism under a veneer of modernity? M. Pavloff assures the American public that such a tragedy must not happen, and the American public laughs without stint. The official Slav must be deficient in humour; or he would not make an unconscious joke of this magnitude with so much earnestness. M. Pavloff has probably never heard of Mr. Dooley; but that philosopher's comment on the Russian solicitude for free nations ought to be part of every diplomatist's education.

HERBERT SPENCER AND JAPAN.

Mr. Herbert Spencer had put on record certain advices to Japan which have just been brought to light by the *Times*. He advises the Eastern Power to keep Americans and Europeans as much as possible at arm's length, and to give as little foothold as possible to foreigners generally. He advises the withholding of privileges from people of other races, especially from people of the more powerful races, or that such should be granted only in so far as they shall serve the importation and exportation of physical and mental product. He would prohibit the holding or leasing of land by foreigners; he would forbid their working in mines owned by Japan; he would forbid their engaging in the coasting trade; and, on biological grounds, he objected to the inter-marriage of foreigners and Japanese.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Admiral the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, G.C.B., O.M., who died on Jan. 17 at the almost patriarchal age of ninety-four, was the Grand Old Man of the Fleet, the oldest British Admiral; but it was not his great age alone that made him the commanding figure he was for so many years. He was the British sea-dog to the life: he had served under four Sovereigns, and, though retired in 1879, was still at the head of the Active List of the Navy; he had seen service, actively and passively, in many parts of the globe, notably in Bahía, West Africa, China, Borneo, and the Crimea; and he had everywhere distinguished himself as a man at once cool and courageous. The grand-nephew of the Lord Keppel of the eighteenth century who received his Viscounty as a reward for good service at sea, and whose deeds earned him the dignity of many insignia, it is little wonder that Sir Henry should wish to enter the Navy, but it is matter for some wonder that he should have done



Photo. Knight.
CAPTAIN THE HON. T. LISTER,
D.S.O.,
Killed in Somaliland.



Photo. Thomson.
LIEUT. E. H. SHACKLETON,
New Secretary to the Royal
Scottish Geographical Society.

so. At the age of three weeks he was placed, to quote his own statement, "in my father's footpan to be interred in the garden at the back of the house, not being entitled to a berth in consecrated ground," but "before the final screwing down the nurse discovered there was life in the 'small thing.'" This gruesome

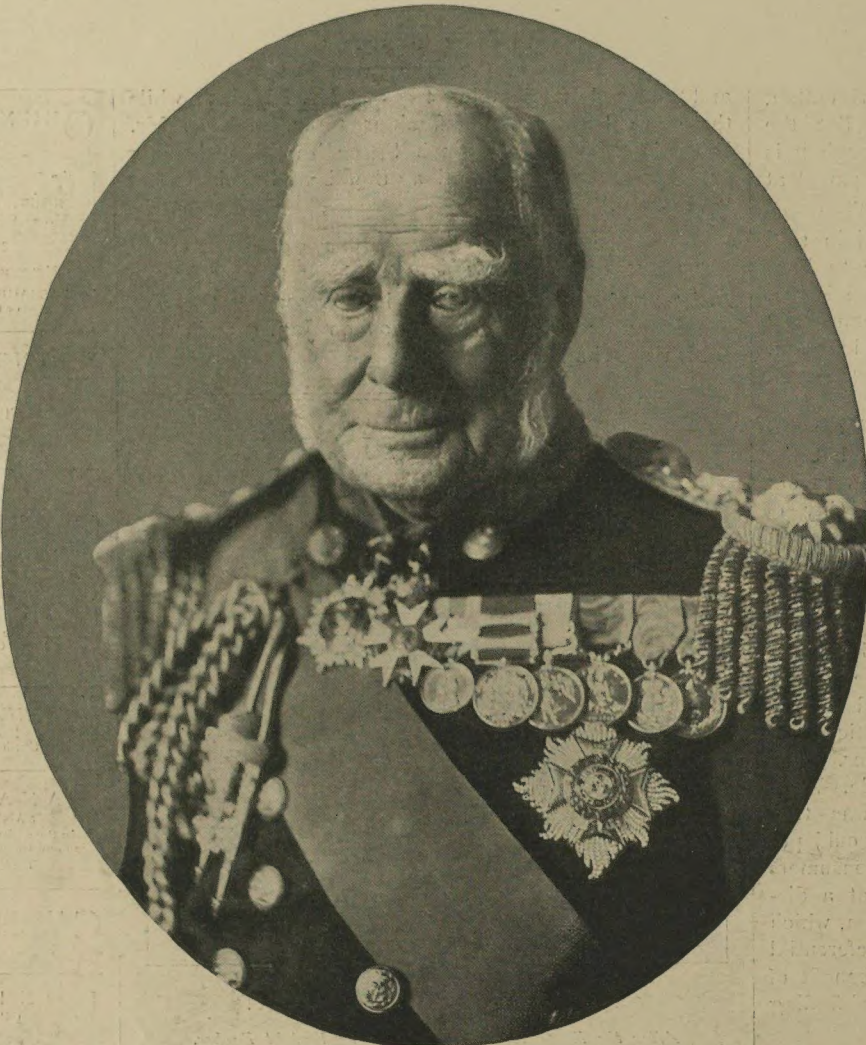


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR HENRY KEPPEL, G.C.B., O.M.,
"FATHER OF THE FLEET."

incident is additionally curious in view of the great age to which he lived. Joining the senior service, then, before he was fifteen, he was promoted Commander when but twenty-four, and Post-Captain in the year of Queen Victoria's accession. From that time onward his history was to all intents and purposes the history of the Navy, and his

memoirs, published some five years ago, form an excellent and accurate account of the life of the seaman from 1822 to 1870. The esteem in which he was held by the King and Queen is common knowledge, and he himself was profoundly attached to them. To the Queen he was always "the dear little Admiral," and no title pleased him better. Sir Henry was twice married: first, to a daughter of General Sir John Crosbie; and secondly, to a daughter of Mr. Martin J. West.

Captain the Hon. Thomas Lister, D.S.O., first reported missing, and then as killed, in the recent action in Somaliland, was the elder son of Lord Ribblesdale, and was born in 1878. His first active service was during the South African War, when he was present at the relief of Kimberley, and, among other engagements, at Paardeberg, Poplar Grove, Dreifontein, Houtnek, the Vet River, Johannesburg, Pretoria, Diamond Hill, Elands River, and Wittebergen. He was twice mentioned in dispatches, and awarded the Queen's Medal with six clasps and the D.S.O. He was selected as special service officer with the Somaliland field force last year.

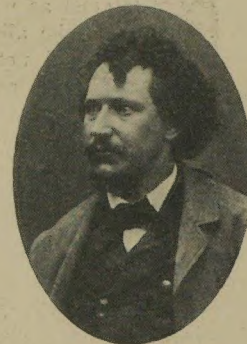


Photo. A. Bean.
THE LATE MR. G. F. TRAIN,
American Pioneer of Street
Tramways.

Lieutenant Ernest Shackleton, who succeeds Colonel Bailey as secretary to the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, owes his appointment, in part at all events, to his share in the *Discovery* Expedition to the South Pole, a fully illustrated description of which he supplied to this Journal a few months ago. Lieutenant Shackleton, who was the Third Lieutenant of the vessel, created a record, in company with Captain Scott and Dr. Wilson, by penetrating further south than any previous explorer. An attack of hæmorrhage of the lungs, by which he was seized on the journey back, made it advisable for him to return home with the relief-ship before his comrades. The new secretary is a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society and of the Royal Geographical Society.

Mr. Louis John Tillett, who by his election as member of Parliament for Norwich has rejoiced the heart of the Liberal party by gaining it a seat, has been for some time a political leader in the constituency he now represents, though he has never before contested it. He is the son of the late Mr. William Henry Tillett, and grandson of the late Mr. Jacob Henry Tillett, formerly member of Parliament for the city, and closely identified with its interests. The new member is a solicitor, and is thirty-eight years of age. He married Miss Reeve, daughter of Mr. James Reeve, curator of Norwich Castle Museum, a few years ago.

George Francis Train, whose death is announced from New York, was as well known in America as the President. His many eccentricities—notably, his shunning of the society of "grown-ups," even to the extent of transacting business through the medium of children—accounted for this in some measure; but he was also widely recognised as politician, writer, and inventor. After leaving Boston for Australia, where he founded a business, he travelled considerably, visiting England in 1859—when he was thirty—and making determined but unsuccessful efforts to introduce street tramways, which were then unknown in this country, into London and Birkenhead. During the same period he gained notoriety by a series of lectures containing bitter sarcasms on English Society. He returned to the United States in 1862.

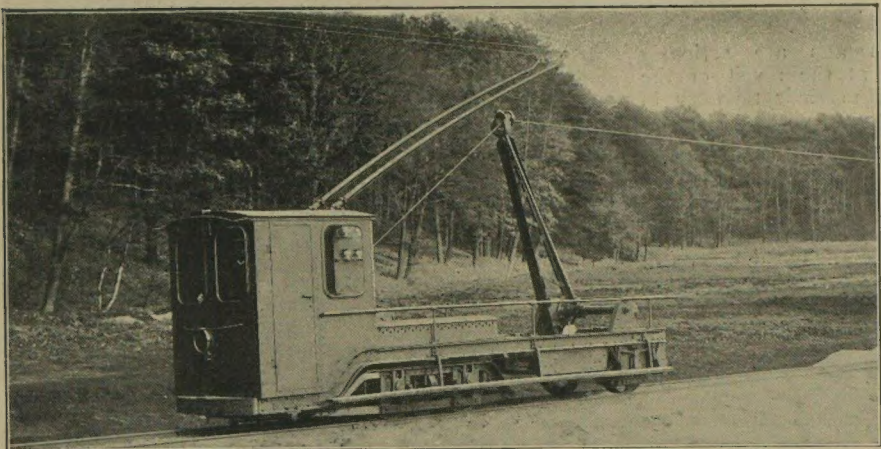
DETAILS OF THE TACTICAL SOMALILAND VICTORY.

General Eger-ton's victory at Jidballi on Jan. 10 recall in some measure the military methods of the earlier Sudan campaigns. Once again the British square has proved victorious against the fanatical rush of the Dervishes. The enemy had concealed themselves in a nullah, and as the British force approached, they charged the square. The Sikhs held their fire until the Dervishes were less than six hundred yards away, and then poured uninterrupted volleys for ten minutes into



ONE OF THE ONLY TWO WHITE BOARS IN EXISTENCE.

The white boar now in the Paris Zoological Gardens is the only specimen in a public collection.



THE MOTOR.



THE MOTOR AT WORK ON THE TOWING-RAIL.

THE SUPERSESSION OF THE CANAL-HORSE AND STEAM-TUG: A GERMAN ELECTRIC TOWING-MACHINE.

On the Toltow Canal, boats and barges are now towed by an electric motor. It is said to be cheaper and faster than the old method, and to do less damage to the banks and bottom of the waterway.



MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES'S NEW PLAY AT THE HAYMARKET: "JOSEPH ENTANGLED."

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



Photo. Cuttle, Scarborough.

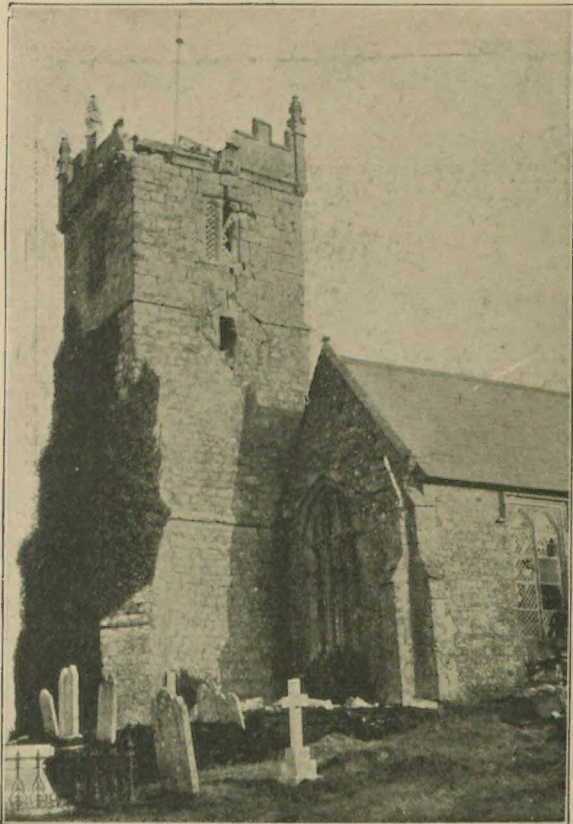
THE GAS EXPLOSION AT SCARBOROUGH NEW TOWN HALL, JANUARY 18.

The explosion took place about half-past five in the morning. The Medical Officer's department was seriously damaged, and a man who was lighting the office fires at the moment when the accident occurred was severely injured.



A PROPOSED NEW LUNG FOR NORTH LONDON: SPRINGFIELD GARDENS.

An influential committee is furthering this excellent scheme for benefitting Upper Clapton. Of the £40,000 required, £10,000 must be raised by private subscription. Our photograph is supplied by Mr. F. J. Hanbury, a member of the Acquisition Committee.



THE EFFECT OF A JANUARY THUNDERSTORM: GODSHILL CHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT, DAMAGED BY LIGHTNING.

On January 14 the tower was shattered, the roof practically ruined, and the interior of the church wrecked.

the Mullah's ranks. The tremendous loss inflicted evidently disheartened the Dervishes, who retired, broken and disordered, and did not renew the contest. Since the first reports were published, the name of Captain Lister, whose biography we give elsewhere, has been added to the list of killed.

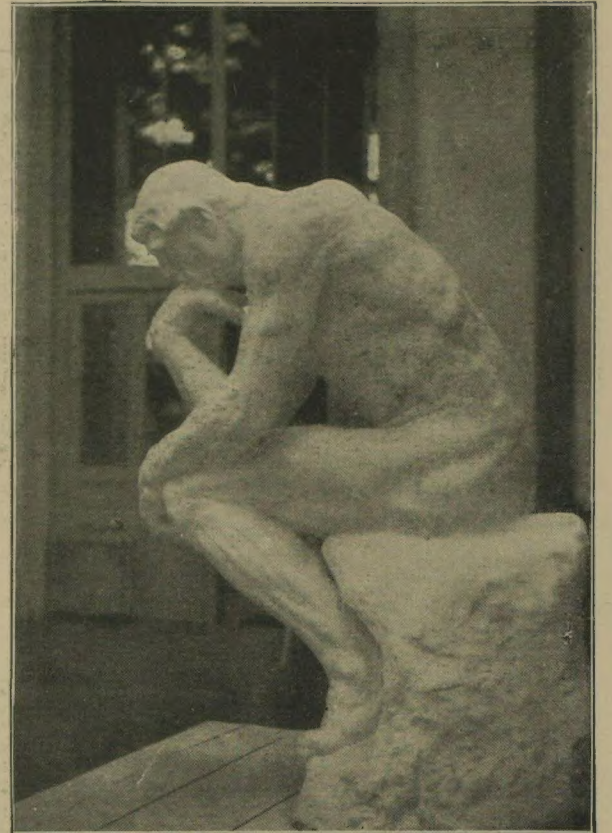
MACEDONIAN REFORMS. The Porte has issued to the Austrian and Russian Embassies a long communication containing nine separate articles defining the duties of the civil agents which these Powers have sent to Macedonia to control the gendarmerie. The ingenious document practically renders the reforms null and void, for the foreign agents will have no real control. Everything must be referred to Hilmi Pasha, and Turkish officials must be present at every investigation—a provision which will certainly stop the mouths of complainants. Austria and Russia, it is announced, have decided to ignore the restrictions, and will proceed to carry out the reforms according to their own discretion. This course, although attractive, is scarcely

likely to be successful so long as Abdul Hamid and his Government are free to play their game of procrastination and masterly evasion.

THE RISING IN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA. The Germans are seriously alarmed at the revolt of the Herreros in their territory in South-West Africa, and strong reinforcements are being dispatched to crush the outbreak. Five hundred men of the Marine Infantry, with railway sappers and machine-guns, are under orders to proceed to the seat of the disturbance; and Count von Bülow intends to ask for a vote of credit to meet the expenses of the expedition. The entire German force detailed for this special service will number 1125 men.

THE DISASTER AT BLOEMFONTEIN. Bloemfontein was visited on Jan. 17 with a disastrous flood caused by the bursting of the reservoir. Sixty persons are known to have perished, and the damage to buildings has been extensive. The continuous rains are said to have been the cause of the accident, which inundated the whole of the lower portion of the town. A sum of £1000 has been voted by the Legislative Council for the relief of sufferers, and it is proposed to establish a camp for those who have been rendered homeless.

CANCER. The medical men engaged in the investigation of cancer have made an important discovery. Fishes are subject to the disease; and it is inferred that cancer is no outcome of artificial conditions in human life, but that it may be traced back to the origin of things. The idea that the original protoplasm of the evolutionists may have had in it the seeds of cancer is scarcely cheering. Research has so far indicated no remedy, and we are warned against the hasty assumption that radium may prove beneficial.



A RODIN FOR THE NATION: "LE PENSEUR," NOW AT THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

The figure above reproduced is a plaster cast. A bronze cast has been presented to the nation by Mr. Ernest Beckett.

only just in time. The Horsham Fire Brigade and the private corps from Warnham Court were on the scene in as short a time as possible, but little could be done to save the southern wing. Irreparable damage was done to some Old Masters.



THE DISBANDING OF THE SMALLEST ARMY IN EUROPE: THE PRINCE OF MONACO'S GUARD.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.

The types from the left are: Carabinier of the Guard, Infantry Bugler, and an Infantry Officer, the two last in full dress. The army numbered about 120 men.

Indeed, the tone of the physiologists is decidedly pessimistic; but their pessimism seems to give new stimulus to their devotion. The cure of cancer is now the supreme aim of healing science; and for the man who finds that, there is waiting one of the chief glories of mankind.

A GREAT QUARTERLY REVIEWER. The *Quarterly Review* has published an interesting account of the late Lord Salisbury's contributions to its pages. Upon the two subjects which interested him most—science and religion—he seems to have written very little. The political articles have a piquancy because they represent a kind of Toryism which is now extinct. They breathe the conviction that democracy is a predatory horde. Its motto in France, wrote the slashing aristocrat of those days, is "La propriété, c'est le vol"; and he had no doubt that the extension of the suffrage would produce the same war-cry here. Lord Salisbury must often have smiled at this prediction in later years when he found the democracy an extremely conservative force. But in politics prophecy is generally wrong. The early enthusiasts who set up American political institutions as ideals for this country lived to be instructed by the example of Tammany. On the other hand, Lord Salisbury, who had been a fierce champion of the Southern Confederacy, did much by sagacious diplomacy to cultivate goodwill between England and the United States.

THE BURNING OF KNEPP CASTLE.

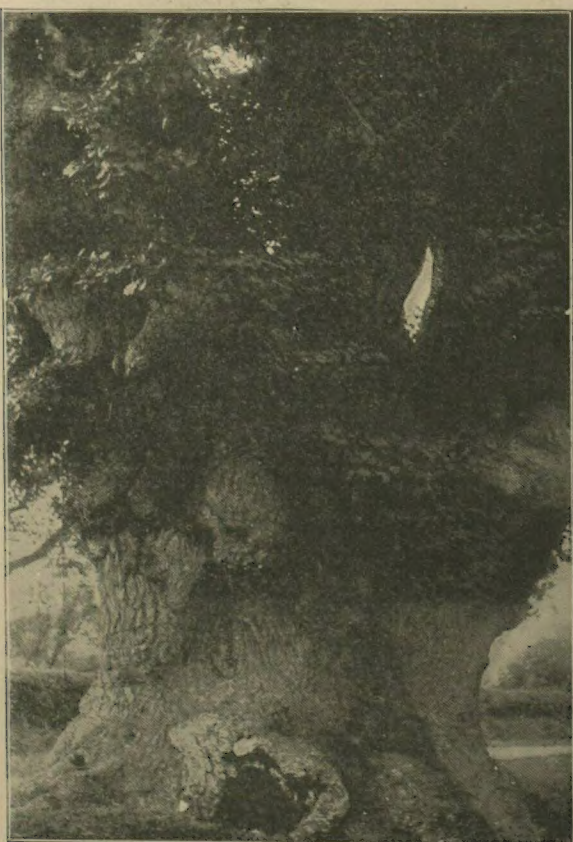
Knepp Castle, near West Grinstead, the home of Sir Merik and Lady Burrell, was destroyed by fire on Jan. 18. The outbreak occurred in the early hours of the morning, and was discovered by the master of the house himself, who, with Lady Burrell and their infant son, escaped

THE MAKING OF A SAINT. The first step towards the canonisation of the Maid of Orleans was taken on Jan. 6, during a Consistory Court held at the Vatican by Pope Pius X. Cardinal Ferrata opened the proceedings with a long oration, in which he set out the Maid's heroic virtues. He was followed by Monsignor Touchet, Bishop of Orleans, who has made an exhaustive study of Jeanne's claims to saintliness, and has thereby become thoroughly convinced of her right to canonisation. At Orleans, he says, she has always enjoyed almost saintly distinction, and the cult was interrupted only by the Revolution. The Pope listened to the pleas without emotion, but at the conclusion his manner changed, and he delivered an animated final discourse.



THE DISCOVERY OF RADIUM AT BATH: THE ORANGE-COLOURED DEPOSIT IN WHICH THE SUBSTANCE WAS FOUND.

The deposit was taken from the hot springs. The large specimen shows deposit upon the angle of a pillar; on the right are stalactites, on the left deposit in the form of sand in a glass tube.

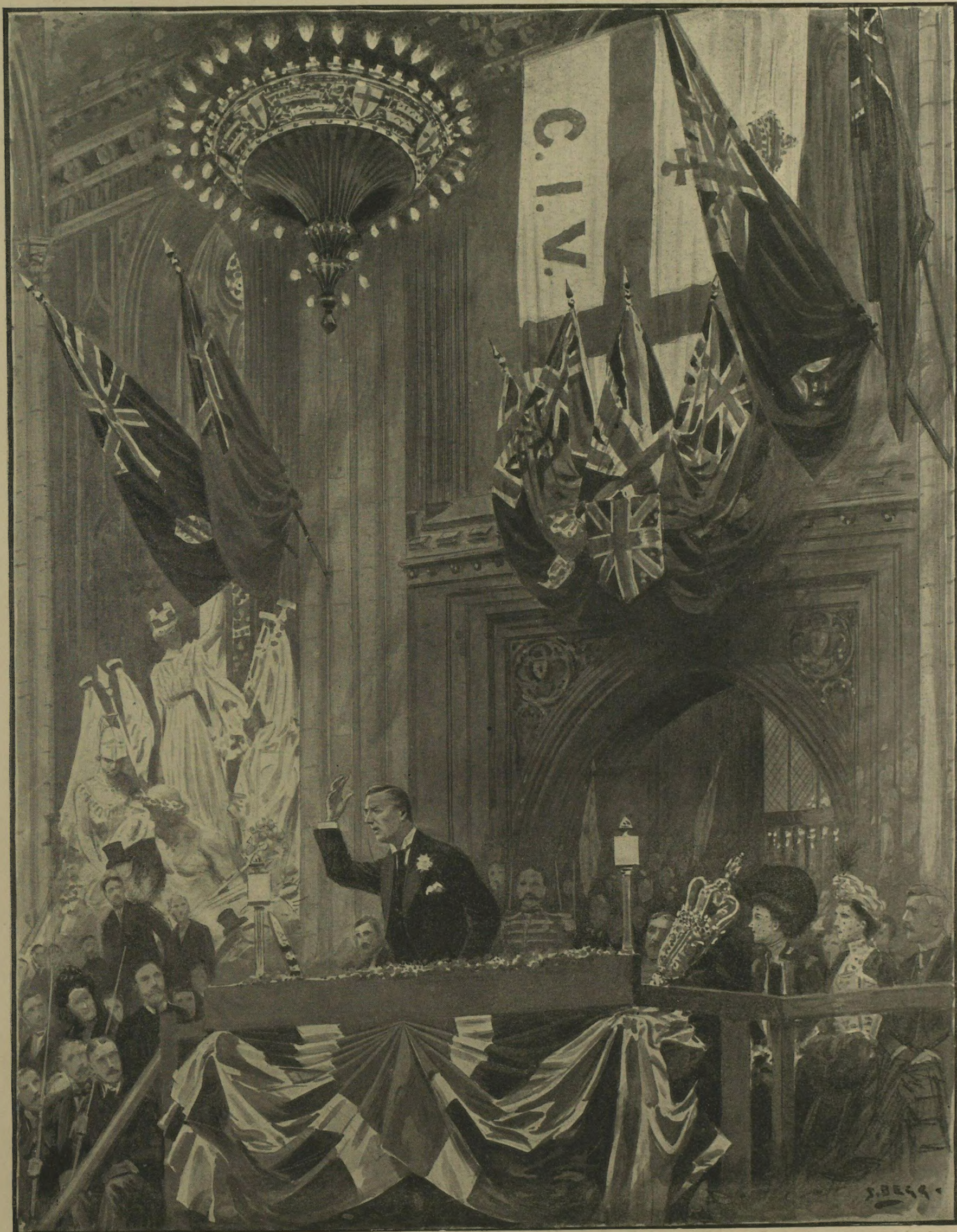


ONE OF THE OLDEST OAKS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM: A TREE SUPPOSED TO BE 1000 YEARS OLD.

The oak in the picture, which has been supplied by Sir William Clayton, stands on one of his farms near Walton, in Norfolk, outside which county it was until recently but little known.

A LESSON IN IMPERIAL THINKING: MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S APPEAL TO THE CITY.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Mr. Burdett-Coutts.

The Lord Mayor. Mrs. Chamberlain. Lady Dimsdale. Hon. Alban Gibbs.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN ADVOCATING HIS FISCAL POLICY BEFORE AN AUDIENCE OF CITY MEN AT THE GUILDHALL, JANUARY 19.

"My fellow citizens, if I might venture to give you a message now, I would say—Learn to think Imperially."

A WINTER LINK IN THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

DRAWN BY JULIUS M. PRICE.



Julius M. Price. 1904

PASSENGERS OF THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY CROSSING LAKE BAIKAL IN SLEDGES FROM TERMINUS TO TERMINUS.

At Lake Baikal the Trans-Siberian Railway is interrupted, and communication is maintained in summer by a ferry and in winter by sledges. The sledge-drivers are guided by trees stuck in the ice at intervals. Note the spiked horseshoes.

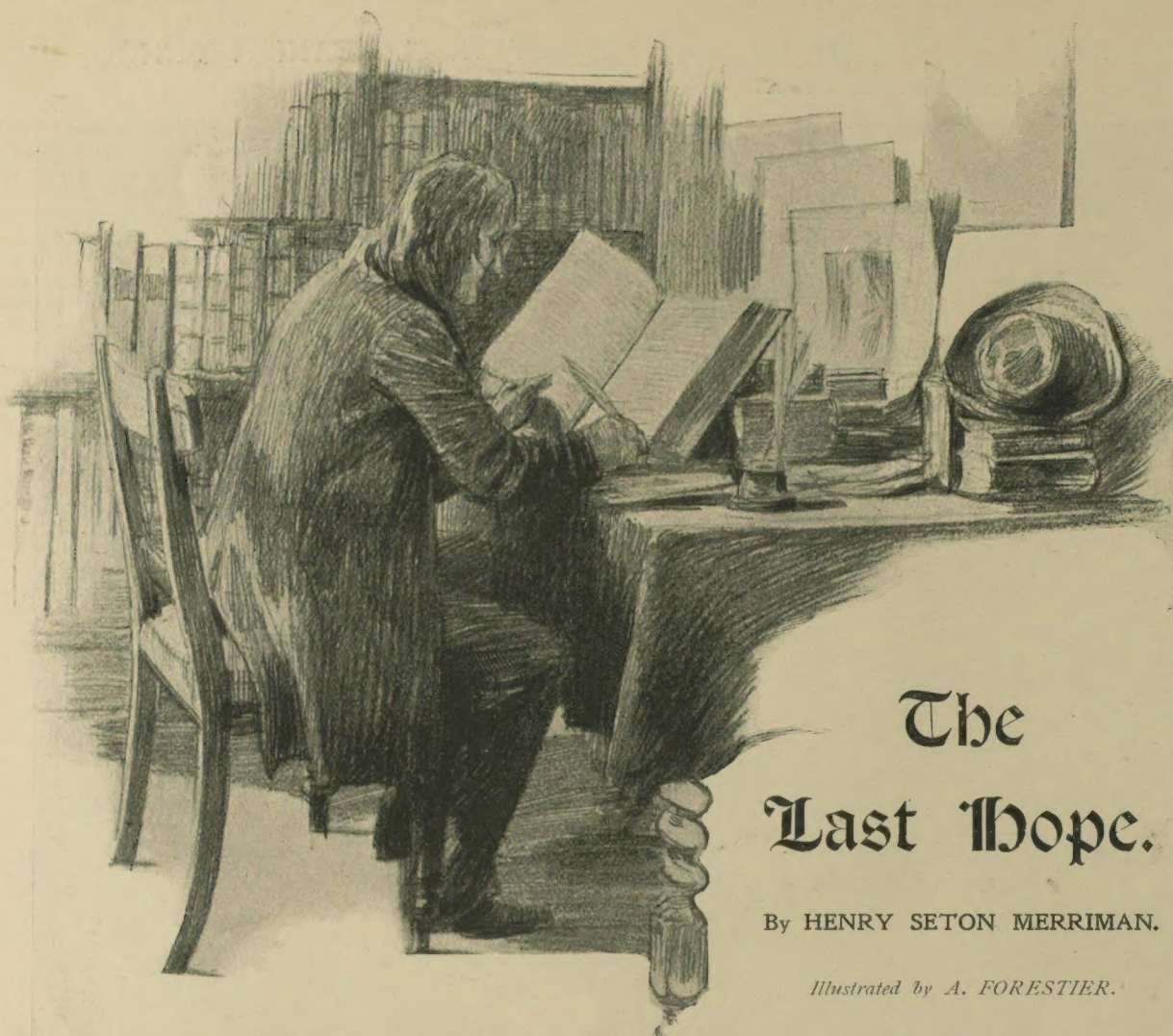
THE STARS IN MINIATURE: PRACTICAL TEACHING OF ASTRONOMY IN A SPANISH SCHOOL.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



PUPILS LEARNING THE RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PLANETS ON AN OPEN-AIR MODEL AT A SCHOOL IN GRANADA.

Father Manjón, Canon of Granada, carries on some admirable schools, where he has instituted wonderful developments of practical teaching. Astronomy classes are conducted in the open air by means of an adaptation of the orrery, devised by Father Manjón himself. Models of the sun and the planets are hung on wires, and with these the revolutions of the heavenly bodies are illustrated.



The Last Hope.

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE SCENT.

Dormer Colville attached so much importance to the Captain's grave jest that he interpreted it at once to de Gemosac.

"Captain Clubbe," he said, "tells us that he does not need to be informed that his Loo Barebone is the man we seek. He has long known it."

Which was a near enough rendering, perhaps, to pass muster in the hearing of two persons imperfectly acquainted with the languages so translated. Then turning again to the sailor, he continued—

"Monsieur de Gemosac would naturally wish to know whether there were papers or any other means of identification found on the woman or the child?"

"There were a few papers. The woman had a Roman Catholic missal in her pocket, and the child a small locket with a miniature portrait in it."

"Of the Queen Marie Antoinette?" suggested Colville quickly.

"It may well have been. It is many years since I saw it. It was faded enough; I remember that it had a fall, and would not open afterwards. No one has seen it for twenty-five years or so."

"The locket or the portrait?" inquired Colville with a light laugh with which to disclaim any suggestion of a cross-examination.

"The portrait."

"And the locket?"

"My wife has it somewhere, I believe."

Colville gave an impatient laugh. For the peaceful air of Farlingford had failed to temper that spirit of energy and enterprise which he had acquired in cities, in Paris most likely. He had no tolerance for quiet ways and a slow, sure progress such as countrymen seek, who are so leisurely that the years slide past and death surprises them before they have done anything in the world but attend to its daily demand for a passing effort.

"Ah!" he cried. "But all that must be looked into if we are to do anything for this young fellow. You will find the Marquis anxious to be up and doing at once. You go so slowly in Farlingford, Captain. The world is hurrying on, and this chance will be gone past before we are ready. Let us get these small proofs of identity collected together as soon as possible. Let us find that locket. But do not force it open. Give it to me as it is. Let us find the papers."

"There are no papers," interrupted Captain Clubbe with a calm deliberation quite untouched by his companion's hurry.

"No papers?"

"No; for Frenchman burnt them before my eyes."

Dormer Colville meditated for a moment in silence. Although his manner was quick, he was perhaps as deliberate in his choice of a question as was Captain Clubbe in answering it.

"Why did he do that? Did he know who he was? Did he ever say anything to you about his former life—his childhood—his recollections of France?"

"He was not a man to say much," answered Clubbe, himself no man to repeat much.

Colville had been trying for some time to study the sailor's face quietly through his cigar-smoke.

"Look here, Captain," he said, after a pause. "Let us understand each other. There is a chance, just a chance, that we can prove this Loo Barebone to be the man we think him, but we must all stand together. We must be of one mind and one purpose, we four, Monsieur de Gemosac, you, Barebone, and my humble self. I fancy—well, I fancy it may prove to be worth our while."

"I am willing to do the best I can for Loo," was the reply.

"And I am willing to do the best I can for Monsieur de Gemosac, whose heart is set on this affair. And," Colville added with his frank laugh, "let us hope that we may have our reward; for I am a poor man myself, and do not like the prospect of a careful old age. I suppose, Captain, that if a man were overburdened with wealth he would scarcely follow a seafaring life, eh?"

"Then there is money in it?" inquired Clubbe guardedly.

"Money," laughed the other. "Yes—there is money for all concerned, and to spare."

Captain Clubbe had been born and bred among a people possessing little wealth and leading a hard life only to come to want in old age. It was natural that this consideration should carry weight. He was anxious to do his best for the boy who had been brought up as his own son. He could think of nothing better than to secure him from want for the rest of his days. There were many qualities in Loo Barebone which he did not understand, for they were quite foreign to the qualities held to be virtues in Farlingford; such as perseverance and method, a careful economy, and a rigid common-sense. Frenchman had brought these strange ways into Farlingford when he was himself only a boy of ten, and they had so vitally survived his own bringing up in some of the austere houses in the town as to enable him to bequeath them almost unchastened to his son.

As has been noted, Loo had easily lived down the prejudices of his own generation against an un-English gaiety and inconsequence almost amounting to emotion. And nothing is, or was in the solid days before these trumpet-blowing times, so unwelcome in British circles as emotion.

Frenchman had no doubt prepared the way for his son; but peculiarities of thought and manner, which might be allowed to pass in a foreigner, would be less easily forgiven in Loo, who had Farlingford blood in his veins. For his mother had been a Clubbe, own cousin, and, as gossips whispered, once the sweetheart of Captain Clubbe himself, and daughter of Seth Clubbe, of Maidens Grave, one of the largest farmers on the Marsh.

"It cannot be for no particular purpose that the boy has been created so different from any about him," Captain Clubbe muttered reflectively, as he thought of Colville's words. For he had that simple faith in an Almighty Purpose without which no wise man will be found to do business on blue water.

"It is strange how a man may be allowed to inherit from a grandfather he has never seen a trick of manner or a face which is not the manner or face of his father," observed Colville, adapting himself, as was his habit, to the humour of his companion. "There must, as you suggest, be some purpose in it. God writes straight on crooked lines, Captain."

Thus Dormer Colville found two points of sympathy with this skipper of a slow coaster, who had never made a mistake at sea, nor done an injustice to anyone serving under him: a simple faith in the Almighty Purpose, and a most honest respect for money. This was the beginning of a sort of alliance between four persons of very different character, which was to influence the whole lives of many people.

They sat on the tarred seat set against the weather-beaten wall of the Black Sailor until darkness came stealing in from the sea with the quiet that broods over flat lands and an unpeopled shore. Colville had many questions to ask, and many more, perhaps, which he withheld till a fitter occasion. But he learnt that

Frenchman had himself stated his name to be Barebone when he landed, a forlorn and frightened little boy, on this barren shore, and had never departed from that asseveration when he came to learn the English language and marry an English wife. Captain Clubbe told also how Frenchman, for so he continued to be called long after his real name had been written twice in the parish register, had soon after his marriage destroyed the papers carefully preserved by the woman whom he never called mother though she herself claimed that title.

She had supported herself, it appeared, by her needle, and never seemed to want money, which led the villagers to conclude that she had some secret store upon which to draw when in need. She had received letters from France, which were carefully treasured by her until her death, and for long afterwards by Frenchman, who finally burnt all at his marriage, saying that he was now an Englishman, and wanted to retain no ties with France. At this time, Clubbe remembered, Louis XVIII. was firmly established on the throne of France, the Restoration—known as the Second—having been brought about by the Allied Powers with a high hand after the Hundred Days and the final downfall of Napoleon.

Frenchman may well have known that it might be worth his while to return to France and seek fortune there; but he never spoke of this knowledge nor made reference to the recollections of his childhood, which cast a cold reserve over his soul and steeped it with such a deadly hatred of France and all things French that he desired to sever all memories that might link him with his native country or awake in the hearts of any children he should beget the desire to return thither.

A year after his marriage his wife died, and thus her son, left to the care of a lonely and misanthropic father, was brought up a Frenchman after all, and lisped his first words in that tongue.

"He lived long enough to teach him to speak French and to think like a Frenchman, and then he died," said Captain Clubbe: "a young man reckoning by years, but in mind he was older than I am to-day."

"And his secret died with him?" suggested Dormer Colville, looking at the end of his cigar with a queer smile. But Captain Clubbe made no answer.

"One may suppose that he wanted it to die with him at all events," added Colville tentatively.

"You are right," was the reply, a local colloquialism in common use, as a clincher to a closed argument or an unwelcome truth. Captain Clubbe rose as he spoke, and intimated his intention of departing, by jerking his head sideways at Monsieur de Gemosac, who, however, held out his hand with a Frenchman's conscientious desire to follow the English custom.

"I'll be getting home," said Clubbe simply. As he spoke he peered across the Marsh towards the river, and Colville, following the direction of his gaze, saw the black silhouette of a large lugsail against the eastern sky, which was softly grey with the foreglow of the rising moon.

"What is that?" asked Colville.

"That's Loo Barebone going up with the sea breeze. He has been down to the Rectory. He mostly goes there in the evening. There is a creek, you know, runs down from Maidens Grave to the river."

"Ah!" answered Colville thoughtfully, almost as if the creek and the large lugsail against the sky explained something which he had not hitherto understood. "I thought he might have come with you this evening," he added after a pause. "For I suppose everybody in Farlingford knows why we are here. He does not seem very anxious to seek his fortune in France—"

"No," answered Clubbe, lifting his stony face to the sky and studying the little clouds that hovered overhead awaiting the moon. "No; you are right."

Then he turned with a jerk of the head and left them. The Marquis de Gemosac watched him depart, and made a gesture indicative of a great despair towards the darkness of the night into which he had vanished.

"But," he exclaimed, "they are of a placidity—these English. There is nothing to be done with them, my friend; nothing to be done with such men as that. Now I understand how it is that they form a great nation. It is merely because they stand and let you thump them until you are tired, and then they proceed to do what they intended to do from the first."

"That is because we know that he who jumps about most actively will be the first to feel fatigue, Marquis," laughed Colville pleasantly. "But you must not judge all England from these eastern people. It is here that you will find the concentrated essence of British tenacity and stolidity. The leaven that leavens the whole."

"Then it is our misfortune to have to deal with these concentrated English—that is all."

The Marquis shrugged his shoulders with that light despair which is incomprehensible to any but men of Latin race.

"No, Marquis! there you are wrong," corrected Dormer Colville with a sudden gravity. "For we have in Captain Clubbe the very man we want—one of the hardest to find in this chattering world—a man who will not say too much. If we can only make him say what we want him to say, he will not ruin all by saying more. It is so much easier to say a word too much than a word too little. And remember, he speaks French as well as English, though being British, he pretends that he cannot."

De Gemosac turned to peer at his companion in the darkness.

"You speak hopefully, my friend," he said. "There is something in your voice—"

"Is there?" laughed Colville, who seemed elated. "There may well be. For that man has been saying things in that placid monotone which would have taken your breath away had you been able to understand them. A hundred times I rejoiced that you

understood no English, for your impatience, Marquis, might have silenced him as some rare-voiced bird is silenced by a sudden movement. Yes, Marquis, there is a locket containing a portrait of Marie Antoinette. There are other things also. But there is one drawback. The man himself is not anxious to come forward. There are reasons, it appears, here in Farlingford, why he should not seek his fortune elsewhere. To-morrow morning—"

Dormer Colville rose and yawned audibly. It almost appeared that he regretted having permitted himself a moment's enthusiasm on a subject which scarcely affected his interests.

"To-morrow morning I will see to it."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO WAS A KING.

The Reverend Septimus Marvin had lost his wife five years earlier. It was commonly said that he had never been the same man since. Which was untrue. Much that is commonly said will on investigation be found far from the truth. Septimus Marvin had, so to speak, been the same man since infancy. He had always looked vaguely at the world through spectacles; had always been at a loss among his contemporaries—a generation already tainted by that shallow spirit of haste which is known to-day as modernity—at a loss for a word; at a loss for a companion soul.

He was a scholar and a learned historian. His companions were books, and he communed in spirit with writers who were dead and gone.

Had he ever been a different man, his circumstances would assuredly have been other. His wife, for instance, would in all human probability have been alive. His avocation might have been more suited to his capabilities. He was not intended for a country parish, and that practical, human comprehension of the ultimate value of little daily details, without which

they were wrong. If he had forgotten, he might be expected to go round by the south side of the church by accident occasionally, especially as it was the shorter way from the Rectory to the porch. He was an absent-minded man, but he always remembered, as River Andrew himself admitted, to go north-about. And his wife's grave was overgrown by salted grass, as were the rest.

Farlingford had accepted him, not only with resignation, but with equanimity, when his College, having no use for such a dreamer elsewhere, gave him the living. This remote parish, cut off from the busier mainland by wide heaths and marshes sparsely provided with ill-kept roads, had never looked for bustling activity in its Rectors. Their forefathers had been content with a gentleman given to sport and the pursuits of a country squire, marked on the seventh day by a hearty and robust godliness. They would have preferred Parson Marvin to have handled a boat and carried a gun. But he had his good qualities. He left them alone. And they are the most independent people in the world.

When his wife died, his sister, the widow of an Indian officer, bustled eastward from a fashionable Welsh watering-place, just to satisfy herself, as she explained to her West-country friends, that he would not marry his cook before six months elapsed. After that period she proposed to wash her hands of him. She was accompanied by her only child, Miriam, who had just left school.

Six months later Septimus Marvin was called upon to give away his sister to a youthful brother officer of her late husband, which ceremony he performed with a sigh of relief audible in the farthest recess of the organ-loft. While the wedding-bells were still ringing, the bride, who was not dreamy or vague like her brother, gave Septimus to understand that he had promised to provide Miriam with a home—that he really needed a woman to keep things going at the Rectory, and to watch over the tender years of little Sep—and that Miriam's boxes were packed.

Septimus had no recollection of the promise. And his sister was quite hurt that he should say such a thing

offered of his own free will the home which he now kindly pressed upon her. Two truths which the learned historian fondly imagined to be forever locked up in his own heart, which was a kind one, and the heart of a gentleman.

Miriam also learnt that Septimus was very poor. She did not need to be informed that he was helpless. Her instinct had told her that long ago. She was only nineteen, but she looked at men and women and saw right through them with those discerning grey eyes, in which there seemed to lurk a quiet light like the light of stars. She was woman enough—despite the apparent inconsequence of the school-room, which still lent a vagueness to her thoughts and movements—to fall an easy victim to the appeal of helplessness. Years, it would appear, are of no account in certain feminine instincts. Miriam had probably been woman enough at ten years of age to fly to the rescue of the helpless.

She did not live permanently at the Rectory, but visited her mother from time to time either in England or at one of the foreign resorts of idle people. But the visits, as years went by, became shorter and rarer. At twenty-one Miriam came into a small fortune of her own, left by her father in the hands of executors, one of whom was that John Turner, the Paris banker, who had given Colville a letter of introduction to Septimus Marvin. The money was sorely needed at the Rectory, and Miriam drew freely enough on John Turner.

"You are an extravagant girl," said that astute financier to her when they met at the house of Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence, at Royan, in France. "I wonder what you spend it on! But I don't trouble my head about it. You need not explain, you understand. But you can come to me when you want advice or help. You will find me—in the background. I am a fat old man in the background. Useful enough in my way, perhaps, even to a pretty girl with a sound judgment."

There were many who, like Loo Barebone, reflected that there were other worlds open to Miriam Liston.



As he spoke he peered across the Marsh towards the river.

a pastor never yet understood his flock, was not vouchsafed to him.

"Passen takes no account o' churchyard," River Andrew had said, and neither he nor any other in Farlingford could account for the special neglect to which was abandoned that particular corner of the burial-ground where the late Mrs. Marvin reposed beneath an early Victorian headstone of singular hideousness.

Mr. Marvin always went round the other way.

"Seems as he has forgotten her wonderful quick," commented the women of Farlingford. But perhaps

as that on her wedding-day and spoil everything. He had no business to make the suggestion if he had not intended to carry it out. So the bride and bridegroom went away in a shower of good wishes and rice to the life of organised idleness for which the gentleman's education and talents eminently befitted him, and Miriam returned to Farlingford with Septimus.

In those days the railway passed no nearer to Farlingford than Ipswich, and before the arrival of their train at that station Miriam had thoroughly elucidated the situation. She had discovered that she was not expected at the Rectory, and that Septimus had never

At first she went into those other worlds, under the flighty wing of her mother, and looked about her there. Captain and Mrs. Duncan belonged to the Anglo-French society which had sprung into existence since the downfall of Napoleon I. and was in some degree the outcome of the part played by Great Britain in the comedy of the Bourbon and Orleanist collapse. Captain Duncan had retired from the Army, changing his career from one of a chartered to an unchartered uselessness, and he herded with tarnished aristocracy and half-pay failures in the smoking-rooms of Continental clubs.

Miriam returned after a short experience of this world, as to the better part, to Farlingford. At first she accepted invitations to some of the country houses open to her by her connection with certain great families. But after a time she seemed to fall under the spell of that quiet life which is still understood and lived in a few remote places.

"What can you find to do all day and to think about all night at that bleak corner of England?" inquired her friends, themselves restless by day and sleepless by night by reason of the heat of their pursuit of that which is called pleasure.

"If he wants to marry his cook, let him do it, and be done with us," wrote her mother from the South of France. "Come and join us, at Biarritz. The Prince President will be here this winter. We shall be very gay. . . . P.S.—We shall not ask you to stay with us, as we are hard up this quarter; but to share expenses. Mind, come."

But Miriam remained at Farlingford, and there is nothing to be gained by seeking to define her motive. There are two arguments against seeking a woman's motive. First, she probably has none; secondly, should she have one, she will certainly have a counterfeited which she will dangle before your eyes, and you will seize it.

Dormer Colville, might almost be considered to belong to the world of which Captain and Mrs. Duncan

water-smoke, the sky shone a cloudless blue. The air was light and thin. It is the lightest and thinnest air in England. Dormer Colville hummed a song under his breath as he walked on the top of the dyke. He was a light-hearted man full of hope and optimism.

"Am I disturbing your studies?" he asked with his easy laugh as he came rather suddenly on Miriam and little Sep in the turf shelter at the corner of the Rectory garden. "You must say so if I am."

They had, indeed, their books and the boy's face wore that abstracted look which comes from a very earnest desire not to see the many interesting things on earth and sea which always force themselves upon the attention of the young at the wrong time. Colville had already secured Sep's friendship by the display of a frank ignorance of natural history only equalled by his desire to be taught.

"We're doing history," replied Sep frankly, jumping up and shaking hands.

"Ah, yes! William the Conqueror, ten hundred and sixty-six, and all the rest of it. I know. At least, I knew once, but I have forgotten."

"No. We're doing French history. Miriam likes that best; but I hate it!"

"French history," said Colville thoughtfully. "Yes; that is interesting. Miss Liston likes that best, does

He broke off and turned to Sep.

"Do you know the story of the little boy who was a King?" he asked abruptly. "They put him in prison and he escaped. He was carried out in a clothes-basket. Funny, is it not? And he escaped from his enemies and reached another country where he became a sailor. He grew to be a man, and he married a woman of that country, and she died leaving him with a little boy. And then he died himself, and left the little boy, who was taken care of by his English relations, who never knew that he was a King. But he was; for his father was a King before him, and his grandfathers—far, far back; back to the beginning of the book that Miss Liston holds in her hand. The little boy—he was an orphan, you see—became a sailor. He never knew that he was a King—the Hope of his Country, of all the old men and the wise men in it—the holder of the Fate of Nations. Think of that."

The story pleased Sep, who sat with open lips and eager eyes listening to it.

"Do you think it is an interesting story? What do you think is the end of it?"

"I don't know," answered Sep, gravely.

"Neither do I. No one knows the end of that story—yet. But if you were a King—if you were that boy—what would you do? Would you go and be a King, or would you be afraid?"

"No, I should go and be a King. And fight battles."



"Am I disturbing your studies?"

were such brilliant ornaments. But he did not so consider himself. For their world was essentially British, savoured here and there by a French Count or so, at whose person and title the French aristocracy of undoubted genuineness looked askance. Colville counted his friends among these latter; in fact, he moved in those Royalist circles who thought that there was little to choose between the Napoleonic and the Orleanist régime. He carefully avoided intimacy with Englishmen whose residence in foreign parts was continuous and in constant need of explanation. Indeed, if a man's life needs explanation, he must sooner or later find himself face to face with someone who will not listen to him.

Colville, however, knew all about Captain Duncan, and knew, what was ignored by many—namely, that he was nothing worse than foolish. He knew all about Miriam, for he was in the confidence of Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence. He knew that that lady wondered why Miriam preferred Farlingford to the high-bred society of her own circle at Royan and in Paris.

He thought he knew why Loo Barebone showed so little enterprise. And he was as Madame de Chantonnay had frequently told him, more than half a Frenchman in the quickness of his intuitions. He picked a flower for his buttonhole from the garden of the Black Sailor and set forth, the morning after his interview with Captain Clubbe, towards the Rectory. It was a cool July morning, with the sun half obscured by a fog bank driven in from the sea. Through the dazzling white of that which is known on these coasts as the

she? Or perhaps she thinks that it is best for you to know it. Do you know all about Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette?"

"Pretty well," admitted Sep doubtfully.

"Someone I knew well told me that when he was a little chap like you, he saw Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. No; he was younger than you. Quite a little chap, you know. That was long, long ago," he added, turning to Miriam to make the admission. "But those are not the things that one forgets, are they, Miss Liston?"

"Then I wish Sep could see somebody who would make him remember," answered Miriam, half closing the book in her hand; for she was very quick, and had seen Colville's affable glance take it in in passing, as it took in everything within sight.

"A King for instance," he said slowly. "A King of France. Others—prophets and righteous men—have desired to see that, Miss Liston."

It seemed that he had seen enough to know the period which they were studying.

"I suppose," he said after a pause, "that in this studious house you talk and think history, and more especially French history? It must be very quiet and peaceful. Much more restful than acting in it, as my friend de Gemosac has done all his life, as I myself have done in a small way. For France takes her history so much more violently than you do in England. France is tossed about by it, while England stands and is hammered on the anvil of Time, and remains just the same shape as before."

"But you would have to leave everybody. You would have to leave your father."

"I should not mind that," answered Sep brutally.

"You would leave Miss Liston?"

"I should have to," was the reply, with conviction.

"Ah, yes," said Colville, with a grave nod of the head. "Yes. I suppose you would have to if you were anything of a man at all. There would be no alternative—for a real man."

"Besides," put in Sep, jumping from side to side on his seat with eagerness, "she would make me—wouldn't you, Miriam?"

Colville had turned away and was looking northward towards the creek, known as Maiden's Grave, running through the marshes to the river. A large lugsail broke the flat line of the horizon, though the boat to which it belonged was hidden by the raised dyke.

"Would she?" inquired Colville absent-mindedly, without taking his eyes from the sail, which was creeping slowly towards them. "Well, you know Miss Liston's character better than I do, Sep. And no doubt you are right. And you are not that little boy, so it doesn't matter, does it?"

After a pause he turned and glanced sideways at Miriam, who was looking straight in front of her with steady eyes and white cheeks.

They could hear Loo Barebone singing gaily in the boat, which was hidden below the level of the dyke. And they watched, in a sudden silence, the sail pass down the river towards the quay.

(To be continued.)

MUSCOVY IN MANCHURIA: A RUSSIAN BIVOUAC IN A CHINESE TEMPLE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



A TYPICAL SCENE OF THE RUSSIAN OCCUPATION.

Nothing is sacred to the Muscovite in Manchuria. He bivouacs even in the Chinese temples, piles arms in the holy places, and takes his repose on the straw which he flings down on the floor. This disrespect to the religion of the invaded nation shows a curious lack of wisdom on the part of the Russians, and is in sharp contrast to British policy; for by careful avoidance of wounding religious prejudices we have materially strengthened our hold on subject races.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE EVOLUTION OF FASHION.

An article by a woman physician, published in the current number of one of the leading reviews, on the curse of the corset, should excite, I imagine, a very considerable deal of interest among the sex of the author. As a physician, Miss Kenealy is naturally entitled to speak and write with authority on all matters pertaining to health; and as corset-wearing falls within the list of topics which the hygienist considers, our author is perfectly within her rights in denouncing the fashion in question with fervour and force. The subject is one which forms part of a much larger theme. I allude to the topic of fashion and health at large. This last, in turn, relates itself to the subject of anthropology, and to that part of this science which deals with human decoration in respect of its evolution and development.

In so far as Miss Kenealy's article is concerned, her sisters may be recommended to peruse it for themselves. They will find in it many reasons for thinking well over the faults and follies of the practice of corset-wearing. It dated from the decadence of Greece and Rome, and it has survived to the present day. Crinoline-wearing, which I can remember, was responsible for many deaths by burning, and was abolished, not because hygienists condemned it, but because the common-sense of women ultimately asserted itself, and decreed that no longer should skirts be ballooned. Drawing the moral from the abolition of the crinoline, we may safely maintain that a similar exercise of the common-sense of the fair sex will abolish the corset, or will at least modify it to an extent when it must cease to be capable of doing harm.

The question of fashion is, however, a much wider one than is represented by mere corset-wearing. "Fashion" is human striving after what is beautiful. It is the search after an ideal, and that ideal is beauty. All attempts at adornment come under this head. We see them represented equally in the savage and in the civilised man and woman. The Red Indian, who adorns himself with war-paint; the Australian aborigine, who spits his nose with a bone pin; the Botocudo Indian, who drags down his lower lip with a heavy ornament fastened inside his mouth; the Loobah woman, who drags out her upper lip on a disc, and thrusts the tooth of an animal through her lower lip, all exhibit their own and special ways of striving after an ideal of beauty. There is no real difference betwixt the modern woman of the West who tight-laces herself and deforms her chest, and the Chinese woman who, in obedience to some old ideal, has had her foot malformed by her mother. The difference is only one of degree, not of kind. Each is following blindly, more or less, the pursuit of an idea—that of beauty; and the appreciation of beauty, when all is said and done, is only a matter of latitude and longitude.

But the following after ideals of beauty, real or false, is a matter which goes much deeper into the history of humanity than most of us are given to believe. Nature began the beauty-search when she gave to plants their colours and to animals their hues and decoration. In plants, colour has a purpose—that of attracting insects for the work of cross-fertilisation. This is the utilitarian side of beauty in the plant world. In animals, Darwin maintained that beauty was due to what he called "selection" of sex. It is the male animal which is decorated. We see this familiarly in birds and quadrupeds. The peacock, the pheasant, the bird-of-paradise, and the lyre-bird are beautiful in the males alone. The females are dowdy creatures. Their rôle in life is to bring up the young; and fine feathers being likely to attract enemies, nature decrees that the mother-birds shall dress in sombre array. So, too, with quadrupeds. All that is leonine in appearance pertains to the male lion, not to his mate. When we come to civilised man, note how things are reversed. It is not man, but woman, on whose shoulders is laid the practice of beauty. In her dress and belongings she represents the ideal of form and colour. Man has bowed before her, in civilised life, and has assigned to her, if not the better part, at least the æsthetic side of existence.

The link between savagery and civilisation is found in lower human life. Your savage adorns himself, and his squaw is a poor, slighted creature—a beast of burden for the most part, and nothing more. When the native emerges from savagery and becomes semi-civilised, woman is allowed to exercise the decorative arts. A Zulu belle, with her *coiffure*, her bangles, her necklet, and other adornments, represents a stage of æsthetic development which shows a distinct advancement on the savage state. The colour-sense, evolving in "the process of the suns" coincidentally with civilisation, has tended to allocate to woman the art and task of representing the beautiful. Social philosophers have too much neglected this influence in the ascent of woman. When she emerged from the squaw stage and adorned herself, man practically became her captive and her slave.

Nothing is more interesting in this sense than the tracing of fashions to their origins. The now useless buttons on the back of a man's coat refer to a period when men wore swords. The dress-coat of to-day is a modification of the old riding-coat, and of that of the soldier, who might be fitted equally for foot service and for horseback. The hood of the University graduate is the old monk's hood detached from the gown—which is the graduate's *toga*—and, allowed to slip over his shoulders, indicates his degree. The girl's golf-cape of to-day is the upper part of the monk's gown, plus its cape. Even the coachman's cape derives its origin from the monastery, and thus, fashion, as a striving after the beautiful (and the useful), repeats itself in varied ways in the history of the race.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

S. M. D. (Limerick).—You will find your move considered in "Chess Openings Ancient and Modern" (Second Edition), page 161, columns 3 and 4, where both lines of play are analysed. A further note on page 201 dismisses the move as possessing no advantage.

F. S. COLLARD.—Your problem shall be examined and reported upon. The idea, however, is a very common one in such positions.

PHILIP DALY (Brighton).—Your problem may be perfectly sound, but there are others in front of it whose turn must come first.

OTTO MAUER (Walthamstow).—We presume the problem has not been published elsewhere. We will, at any rate, examine it on that assumption.

G. BAKKER (Rotterdam).—We are much obliged for games, which we will be pleased to play over.

E. J. WINTER-WOOD.—Many thanks; it will no doubt be as acceptable as previous contributions to our solvers no less than to ourselves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3109 and 3110 received from Ratan Chandra Paul (Calcutta); of No. 3111 from C. Field Junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3112 from D. Pirnie, C. Field Junior (Athol, Mass.), and Thomas M. Eglington (Handsworth); of No. 3113 from Eugene Henry (Lewisham), D. Pirnie, and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 3114 from E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge), D. Pirnie, J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), R. L. Clarke (Sligo), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), A. G. (Pancsova), J. Holleman (Kampen, Holland), W. Bisset (Huntly), A. P. Lenton (Sydenham), H. J. Plumb (Gloucester), Sorrento, C. F. Perugini, Richard Murphy (Wexford), J. F. Moon, Fire Plug, and G. Bakker (Rotterdam).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3115 received from Joseph Cook, F. Henderson (Leeds), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), H. S. Brandreth (Weybridge), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), Sorrento, W. R. Coad (Walthamstow), Doryman, Laura Greaves (Shelton), Reginald Gordon, J. W. (Campsie), Martin F. C. A. Rowley (Clifton), R. Worters (Canterbury), A. Meredith, G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Shadforth, Clement C. Danby, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), L. Desanges, Charles Burnett, Charles Unwin (Liverpool), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), Edith Corser (Reigate), H. J. Plumb (Gloucester), B. O. Clark (Wolverhampton), and J. Coad.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF HOLIDAY PROBLEMS received from Charles Burnett, R. Worters (Canterbury), A. Meredith, Laura Greaves (Shelton), Reginald Gordon, J. S. Wesley (Exeter), Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia), T. W. W. (Bootham), F. Henderson (Leeds), D. Pirnie, Martin F., Emile Frau (Lyons), Doryman, Alfred Hilton, A. W. Fanshaw (Brighton), and H. S. Brandreth (Florence).

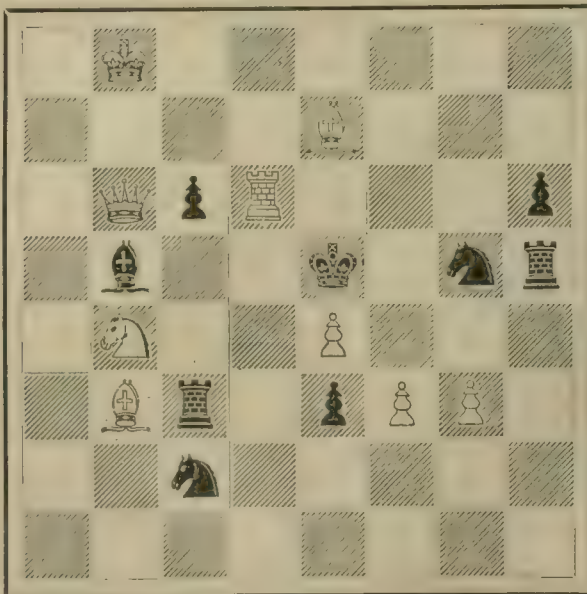
SOLUTIONS OF HOLIDAY PROBLEMS.—No. 1.—B to B 5th. No. 2.—B to Kt sq. No. 3.—Kt to B 7th. No. 4.—R to K sq. No. 5.—B to Kt 2nd. No. 6.—Kt to Q 8th.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3114.—By J. P. TAYLOR.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to R 7th Any move
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 3117.—By T. A. BROCK.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN CANADA.

Game played in a recent match by telegraph between Mr. SMITH (Winnipeg) and Mr. SAWYER (Montreal). (Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. Smith).	BLACK (Mr. Sawyer).	WHITE (Mr. Smith).	BLACK (Mr. Sawyer).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. Q R to K sq	R to B 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	R to K sq seems the natural reply.	
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	18. Q to K 6th	Q takes Q
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	19. R takes Q	Kt to Kt 2nd
5. Castles	P to Q 3rd	20. K R to K sq	K to B sq
6. P to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd	21. Kt to B 3rd	P to R 3rd
7. B to K 3rd	Castles	22. P to K R 4th	R to Q sq
8. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th	23. P to K Kt 3rd	B to B 3rd
9. B to Kt 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	24. P to B 3rd	R to K 2nd
10. Kt to Q 2nd		25. B takes R P	
Preparing for P to B 4th. The White forces are exceedingly well posted for a general attack.		The winning stroke. Black's resistance now speedily crumbles away under the skilful handling of the adverse Knight.	
11. P to B 4th	Kt to Q R 4th	26. R takes R	R takes R
12. B to Q 5th	P to B 4th	27. B to Kt 5th	K to B 2nd
13. Kt takes B	B takes Kt	28. B takes B	R to Q 2nd
14. P takes Kt	P takes P	29. P to R 5th	P takes B
Q to Q 2nd is generally a good move in this position, and we see no reason for not playing it here.		30. R to K 2nd	Kt to Q sq
15. B takes K B P	P to B 4th	31. Kt to R 4th	K to B sq
16. Q to K 2nd	Q to Q 2nd	32. Kt takes P	R to K R 2nd
		33. Kt takes P	R takes P
		34. R takes R	R to K 2nd
			Resigns.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played at Melbourne between Messrs. C. G. WATSON and G. A. RUSSELL. (Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. B to B 2nd	Castles (K R)
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. P to K R 3rd	B takes Kt
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Kt 3rd	16. Q takes B	Q Kt to B 4th
4. P to B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	There is nothing better; but Black's position is not an enviable one.	
5. P to Q 4th	P takes P	17. B to Kt 2nd	K R to K sq
6. P takes P	Q Kt to K 2nd	18. P to K Kt 4th	Kt to K 2nd
7. Castles	P to Q B 3rd	19. Q R to K sq	Kt to B sq
8. B to Q 3rd		20. R to K 3rd	K to R sq
Strictly book moves so far, but the defence is an inferior one. B to B 4th is here given, and the game continues in the first player's favour.		21. K R to K sq	Q to K 2nd
9. P to Q 5th	P to Q 4th	22. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd
10. Kt to B 3rd	Q to Q 2nd	23. P to K 6th	P to K B 4th
11. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to R 3rd	24. P to Kt 5th	Kt to B 2nd
12. Kt to K 2nd	B to B 4th	Kt to Kt sq would have prolonged the game. If 25. Q to R 4th, threatening Kt takes P (ch), B to R 3rd is the reply.	
13. Kt to B 4th	B to Kt 5th	25. P takes Kt	Q takes P
		26. Kt to K 6th	Resigns.

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RUSSIA IN KOREA.

BY ANGUS HAMILTON.

The more recent action of the Russians in Manchuria tends, of course, to support the view that war may be imminent. Nevertheless, bluff is a component part of Russian diplomacy, and there is ground for believing that the intentions of Russia in the Far East are by no means so warlike as the preparations now proceeding and the acts of the Russian administrative officials in Manchuria itself would imply. Russian diplomacy has always covered the development of its plans by preparing to demonstrate in a contrary direction; and at the present time her occupation of Korean territory is little else than a screen, behind which she proposes to secure her hold upon Manchuria. Nothing short of war would cause her to retire from her position in Manchuria; but while Korean territory is of little value to the Russian protectorate, whatever the compromise which may be effected between Japan and Russia, she may be expected to make a determined effort to dominate the lower waters of the Yalu River.

In fact, curious as it may seem, the estuary of the Yalu River is the very locale of the dispute between the two Powers, since, if Russia were ever permitted to dominate the Yalu River, she would gain at once that special position upon the frontiers of Korea which it is the desire of Japan to frustrate. In this Japan can rely only upon the makeshifts of diplomacy; and although the Russian occupation of Yong-an-po may be circumvented, the development of An-tung upon the opposite shore of the river cannot be prevented. It seems, therefore, as inevitable that some commanding position upon the Yalu River must ultimately fall to her lot. An-tung lies within Manchurian territory; the Yalu River is the border-stream between Manchuria and Korea, and at Yong-an-po the nucleus of an important Russian settlement has been established. The future contains no great promise of the immediate settlement of this difficulty. At best the outlook is confused; while at the same time there is presented in a manner singularly clear and comprehensible the fact that Russia will neither evacuate Newchwang nor be driven out of Manchuria, and certainly will not abandon her position on the Yalu River.

The position of Russia at Newchwang has been indicated by past events. Her occupation of Manchuria is an old story, and she is now engaged in the rapid development of her interests at An-tung. The position of the port endows it with unusual advantages, and the commercial potentialities of the place are very great. It lies about fifteen miles above Yong-an-po, on the opposite bank. At present the export trade is confined to millet and silk-cocoons, the production of the latter commodity requiring close technical supervision. Eight miles below An-tung, situated on the right bank of the river, is the likin station, San-tao-lan-tao, where junks and rafts must report and pay the stipulated excise before they proceed onward. The river then bears away to the north-east, and after another stretch of seven miles there comes An-tung, upon the same bank, at a point where the stream divides, the eastern branch being the Yalu River.

An-tung is of quite recent construction, and a few years ago millet-fields occupied the site. Under the care of native merchants large, solid-looking houses have been built, broad streets have been opened out, and an air of unusual prosperity distinguishes the place. The anchorage is thronged with junks, while timber is stacked in vast quantities below the limits of the town. Sea-going steamers of the coaster type can here discharge and load their cargoes, thus obviating trans-shipment at Ta-tung-kao.

Trade between Ta-tung-kao, which is situated at the mouth of the Yalu, and Chi-fu, is at present carried on by small steamers of the Mosquito flotilla and one British ship, the *Hwang-ho*, of the China Navigation Company (Messrs. Butterfield and Swire), while the vast volume of the exports and imports finds its way hither and thither in Chinese junks. The run from Chi-fu port is one of a hundred and eighty-five miles, and the time usually occupied in the trip north-eastward is twenty-two hours, the steamers anchoring in the fairway channel at a distance of four miles from Ta-tung-kao. Ta-tung-kao is a busy town, inasmuch as it is the place of trans-shipment for imports and exports, most of which go to or come from An-tung. The fact that steamers are unable to approach Ta-tung-kao makes An-tung the real business centre of the Yalu River. In respect of An-tung, two hundred Russian cavalry have been stationed there for over two and a half years. The cantonment is situated on a small hill marking the northern limit of the town, which has no wall. As usual, through the Yalu Valley these soldiers bear an evil reputation among the natives, from whom they commandeer at pleasure.

Striking away from An-tung is the Peking "Great Road," which runs to Liao-yang. Above An-tung the river divides and shoals exist, the water being so shallow that none but native craft can ply. Wi-ju is situated about ten miles to the eastward; and at a point west of Mao-kewi-shan, four miles below An-tung, there is the terminus of the branch of the Manchurian Railway which is to strike the river. The construction of this track will begin in the spring of 1904. The first eighty miles offer little obstruction, and it is intended that the work shall be pushed forward until its junction with the main line of the system is accomplished. With this undertaking the position of Russia will take on a new phase, and the isolation of Port Arthur, at present a very grave defect in the strategic qualities of her military situation in Southern Manchuria, will have been dispelled. The disposition of her defensive front will then extend between the Liao and the Yalu estuaries. Russia, therefore, cannot well afford to ignore the consequences of her policy in the Far East, nor, at the same time, can she be expected to sacrifice, at the request of Japan, those great interests which she has been at such pains to foster. The position is indeed a striking example of the manner in which an imperious policy will create the taste, if not the necessity, for Imperialism.

NINE CENTURIES OF RUSSIAN ADVANCE: THE TIGHTENING OF RUSSIA'S GRIP ON ASIA.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



The space enclosing a number in each map represents the area of Russia in the former one. The maps here reproduced are based on the frontispiece design appearing in "The Russian Advance," published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

JAPAN AND OTHER THEMES.

Three Rolling Stones in Japan. By Gilbert Watson. (London: Edward Arnold, 12s. 6d.)
A History of American Art. By Sadakichi Hartmann. Two vols. (London: Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.)
The Lyceum and Henry Irving. By Austin Brereton. (London: Lawrence and Bullen, 21s.)
Records and Reminiscences. By Sir Francis C. Burnand. Two vols. (London: Methuen, 25s.)
The Advance of our West African Empire. By C. Braithwaite Wallis. (London: Fisher Unwin, 21s.)
Fabulous Fancies. By W. B. Maxwell. (London: Grant Richards, 6s.)

It would be an easy task to find fault with "Three Rolling Stones in Japan," a travel-record by Mr. Gilbert Watson. One might point out with perfect truth that the tale he has to tell has been told over and over again in the past decade, that he adds little or nothing to our knowledge of Japan and its people with all his observation, that twice-told tales are tedious. Such criticism would be true, but would not be justified, for Mr. Watson's little story is set down so brightly and pleasantly that his happy style and high spirits carry readers lightly from the beginning to the close of the narrative, and leave them regretting the journey's end. Indeed, if we wish to gather something of the charm that comes to the traveller in the Far East, when he approaches Japan for the first time, something of the pleasant surprise that the new and unconventional life brings with it, "Three Rolling Stones in Japan" may be recommended to supply these sensations admirably, though at second-hand. The author and his companions were piloted into the interior of Japan by Karakamoko San, the pretty daughter of one Tōmi, a ricksha man of Hiogo; and the journey is sketched very merrily, as though by one whose "youth has days of its springtime yet." A sense of the fascination of country and of people never leaves the reader, he acquires more than a reader's interest in the men and women who cross the travellers' path. Their faults and their virtues are those of children—in short, Japan in one of its many aspects might be some beautiful dolls' house, whose inhabitants had wakened to an exquisitely simple life at the touch of a fairy's wand. That there are other sides to Japanese life and thought does not concern us while we read Mr. Watson's pleasant narrative.

The history of American art—not a very complex or extended record—has yet to be written. "I do not think that an artist can ever be too conscientious," remarked Mr. St. Gaudens to me one afternoon in his studio. The specification of time and place when and where this revelation was made to the author of the prettily produced volumes before us is characteristic. Throughout, this author—whether a man or a woman we know not—exhibits a strangely lacking sense of proportion, of acumen, of congruity. The history of American painting begins with Copley and West, and this historian dwells upon them with an affectionate reverence, which we can easily respect even if it is oblivious to the inferiority of their performances. Of West we are told absurdly that he climbed in England "the very pinnacle of social if not artistic success"; and he has a compliment on the size of his canvases—one is noted as being 200 ft. by 264 ft. In the same breath we are vaguely told of other artists that "the less important their work happened to be, the more artistic it seemed to become"; while Vanderlyn is described as "one of the most remarkable portraitists of all times and countries," who "produced, in regard to proportion and symmetry of form and composition, gravity and dignity in motive and conception, one of the best nudes ever painted." We have heard such things said; but in print one has to go for a parallel passage to Mrs. Wharton's satirical description of a local poetess as "the female Milton of America." Coming to contemporaries, the author is equally unsatisfying. Here, at least, a case could be made out; but we look in vain for a mention of Mr. Mark Fisher, Mr. McLure Hamilton, Mr. Muhrman, Mr. Millet, or—in his oil-work—Mr. Abbey. Nor should Mr. J. J. Shannon and Mr. C. H. Shannon be confounded, as here, with each other. One of the volumes has for its frontispiece a Sargent group from the Boston Free Library; but it is too much reduced in scale to allow of any study of facial expression of the prophets it represents. But the Sargent and the Whistler letterpress is altogether inadequate to the subject; and we have to reserve our praise for the evident good-feeling of the writer throughout and for the excellent and in some cases really informing illustrations of pictures and sculpture scarcely known on this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Brereton has written an admirable book about the most famous playhouse of our generation. The three theatres which have borne the name of Lyceum take the chronicle back to 1772. The third, which now stands empty, awaiting either the demolishing pickaxe or the screech of the music-hall artist, was associated for more than thirty years with the career of Sir Henry Irving. That gives it an indelible fame in the history of the English stage; a fame of which Mr. Brereton's volume is a worthy memorial. He has traced Sir Henry's achievements with sympathy and discrimination; and he has explored the archives of the Lyceum from the earliest time. The reader will find quaint old prints, illustrating the vicissitudes of the theatre from the days when it was a menagerie, a boxing academy, a waxwork show, and when its efforts to represent the drama were overawed by the jealousy of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Mr. Brereton has collected a vast amount of information, which leaves no opening for any theatrical antiquary who may follow him over the same ground. It is all excellent reading, but we especially love the strange appearance of William Shakspeare in 1838, which, by a notable conjunction, is the year in which Henry Irving was born. William Shakspeare announced that he was the lineal descendant of the poet, and he produced at the Lyceum a play in which he enacted his great ancestor. But in a night or two he became "indisposed," and vanished

into obscurity. Perhaps the hand of Bacon, stretched from the grave, plucked him off the stage. Mr. Brereton's volume is enriched by two portraits in colours—of Sir Henry Irving as Hamlet (Edwin Long), and Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth (J. S. Sargent).

There is but one serious fault in Sir Frank Burnand's rollicking volumes: they are too diffuse. Everything is related at the greatest possible length. One particular story, which would be excellent in not more than four pages, is spun out to forty. Very interesting is Sir Frank's account of his family genealogy, which is Protestant Swiss, with a strain of the Hebrew. But his affectionate memories of his relations are not always exciting. There is too much about his uncles, blameless gentlemen to whom, with one exception, nothing particular ever happened. We are almost provoked to exclaim with the Bellman, "Oh skip your dear uncles!" One of them, however, had an adventure with Lola Montez, which is told with great spirit. That sprightly lady, who was off to a fancy-dress ball, took Sir Frank's uncle as escort. He happened to be lodging in the house where she was a fleeting visitor, and next day she disappeared, leaving him to pay her costumier's bill and other trifles. Why he paid them is not evident, but the anecdote entitles him to a place in his nephew's portrait gallery. Cardinal Manning is there too, gravely considering the spiritual case of young Francis Burnand, who had become a convert to Rome. As he had been on the point of taking Anglican orders when his change of faith intervened, it was thought by Dr. Manning that his vocation must be the priesthood. The blushing convert explained that he preferred to go on the stage. This humorous scene shows us the narrator at his best. He is less happy in reminiscences of the burlesques of forty years ago, the drollery of which has long since evaporated. Who, except the author, can fondly recall the first night of "Black Ey'd Susan," or, indeed, take any interest in the performance? Perhaps Sir Charles Wyndham is moved by this history, for he seems to have danced in it. A certain air of triviality pervades many of these records, which, like Frank Lockwood's sketches, so liberally scattered through the work, had their freshness once upon a time, but have not kept it. Still, there is an unfailing spirit of good-humour (quite a different thing from humour, by the way), and enough substance to make us hope that Sir Frank Burnand will continue his agreeable task.

Mr. Braithwaite Wallis devotes about two-thirds of "The Advance of our West African Empire" to a description of the Sierra Leone rising of 1899-1900, in the suppression of which it was his fortune to bear part, and the ultimate results of which he, as an official of the Protectorate Government, had excellent opportunities of measuring. It may be thought that the author, as a soldier, has fallen into the mistake of giving the military operations undue prominence. We are by no means inclined to share this opinion; for it is evident that the "advance" made by the Sierra Leone hinterland dates from the discovery by the savage tribes that the British arms are more powerful than their "medicine." The dense forests which cover so large a proportion of the country, and the astonishing aptitude of the natives for bush warfare, combined with the paucity of our troops and the hostility of the climate to Europeans, gave the rebels enormous advantages, of which they seem to have been fully cognisant; and it says much for the staunchness and discipline of our negro soldiery that they, led by a few white officers, should have put down the rising with such complete success. The cruelties perpetrated on those, black as well as white, whose terrible fate it was to fall into the hands of the Mendi "war-boys" far eclipse the darkest incidents of the Indian Mutiny. Mr. Wallis's chapters on the murders and massacres are such painful reading that we are sincerely glad to reach the end of this tale of horrors. On one important point concerning the cause of the rebellion he lays great stress. "The war was not a tax war at all; it was a slave war." Like the historical cartridges in India, the hut tax was merely the spark which lighted the ready powder. The native chiefs saw their power slipping away from them in the British ordinances against slavery, and made their carefully organised endeavour to drive out the invaders. Mr. Wallis's remarks upon the character and temperament of the savages who have now learned to regard the British administrators in the light of friends show him to possess the firmness, tact, and discrimination which are the essential qualifications for ruling these wild peoples; and his book is a valuable and extremely interesting addition to our sources of information concerning a country of great natural wealth, which only awaits development. The illustrations from photographs are generally good.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell, the clever son of a famous mother (Miss Braddon is Mrs. Maxwell in private life), made his début as an author with "The Countess of Maybury," a series of brilliant satirical sketches of real high life. The book showed great originality, and was infinitely superior to most of the stories and novels which aim at giving a picture of so-called "smart society." In "Fabulous Fancies," which consists of some twenty-odd short stories, having no connection the one with the other, Mr. Maxwell has done both better and less excellent work than in his first book—indeed, one is tempted to believe that some of the stories, notably the first three, in "Fabulous Fancies" were written long before "The Countess of Maybury." On the other hand, it would be difficult to find a more admirable satirical sketch than that entitled "The Tame Cat"; and those writers and critics who spend so much time discussing the question of how a short story should be written might do worse than devote careful study to the moving and really delightful little tale entitled "Parker's Folly." In this study of humble life Mr. Maxwell proves a formidable rival to Mr. Pett Ridge, and there are in this "Fabulous Fancy" touches of whimsical absurdity allied to human pathos rarely found in the work of any contemporary story-writer.

A PROGRESS OF POESY.

There be many books of verse, but little poetry, and the great singer of the twentieth century is probably still in swaddling bands or lisping in numbers to a careful few who will not suffer his young talent to be blighted by public wants that nip the infant prodigy. If, however, his mature genius solace our hoary old, we shall be comforted for the barren tracts in which our middle life has been passed. The bards of the closing nineteenth century are shy of fame. Some have long kept silence, meditating, perchance on a quaker-oaten pipe (*tremula avena*), said the witty epilogue of the last Westminster Play, strains to rival those of the marvellous child we look for: A chosen few send forth rare and slender volumes of steady merit, but no very lofty inspiration. In the bundle of new verse-books, such are found from the hands of Mr. William Watson and Mr. Laurence Binyon. The former, with his old, clear-cut, stately line, appears again in "For England" (John Lane), a collection of strong political bias that inevitably, whether we agree or dissent, hinders criticism. The work, always lofty and sincere, savours rather of rhetoric than of that quality, indefinable yet unmistakable, which we hail as poetry. Somewhat too rhetorical also, though more musical and of the heart, is Mr. Laurence Binyon's epic fragment, "The Death of Adam" (Methuen), which may or may not have taken its being from the Titanic painting, "Cain," in the Luxembourg. Mr. Binyon exhibits that most hopeful of traits, happily noticeable in much recent verse—freedom from the affected and the precious; and he is, without falling into slavish imitation, alive to the classical tradition. His long similes are for the most part consistent and well wrought out, and he is not above writing clear and simple English. But epic is not his vein. That he succeeds better in his lyrics, an ode, "To the Summer Night," remains to attest. He attains the feeling of voluptuous warmth and mystery, that persistence of the soft touch of day which lends so much charm to the nights of the milder solstice. The line—

Star-trembling night, Mother of songs unsung,

leaves little to be desired, and introduces a stanza that may very well recall the invocation to Night in Euripides' "Orestes," and the two may be read together as the contrasted expressions of two ages widely sundered.

Ancient and modern, here sharply divided, are curiously blended in Mr. Sturge Moore's "The Centaur's Booty" (Duckworth), a dramatic episode where lusty paganism becomes the vehicle for the preaching of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. In one particular, however, its teaching is not modern, for on the necessary subservience of womankind this vigorous writer gives no uncertain sound. The conception of the two centaurs who stole a glorious infant to rear him as the progenitor of a race of heroes contains some kernel of teaching for an age of begoggled Board school children. At the same time Mr. Sturge Moore has strained the myth unduly, for the centaurs had no need to turn kidnappers, since these noble hybrids kept the public schools of the heroic times. To them were freely entrusted sons of gods and men; among those whom Chiron trained were the wise child Aesculapius and Jason. To send Medon on a pupil-hunting foray is surely too reminiscent of Mr. Wackford Squeers. But Mr. Sturge Moore has the root of the poetic matter in him. The "touch" in the lines—

There sate she, doing nothing with her hands,
But quiet as Demeter in her cave—

is satisfying and just, and shows that power over the proper name which is every true poet's birthright.

The burden of poesy in volume has recently been weighted or lightened, according to individual taste, by three collections, one of the late Lord de Tabley's meritorious and musical verse (Chapman and Hall), another of Charles Wolfe's Poems (Bullen), and the last a translation of Leopardi (Macquenn). "Not-a-drum-was-heard" Wolfe has been edited by Mr. C. Litton Falkiner, who has with just hesitation made the collection complete; the version and life of Leopardi, by Mr. F. H. Cliffe, now reach a second edition. Wolfe's editor has proved that his man was not a single-poem poet: also that the lyric was his forte. Among other revivals of approved verse most welcome is the excellent anthology, "Songs of the Vine" (Bullen), selected by Mr. W. G. Hutchinson. Mr. Hutchinson has brought to his task—*mirabile dictu!*—much sober judgment, which the better accentuates the air of jolly pot-companionship he has affected in the dedication and learned preface to his Medley for Maltworms. From Walter Mapes to W. E. Henley the good toping singers of England join lustily in the chorus that echoes from the Old Devil tavern and from the Mermaid, while the spirit of Tom D'Urfey is over all. Our anthologist taps a good brew, and like the Gull, "we do grow most inwardly acquainted with the drawer." But while it is impossible not to regret for Henley's sake the inclusion of Henley's defiantly tasteless "Let us be drunk," it is equally impossible to be grateful enough for Mr. Hilaire Belloc's "Sussex Drinking Song." Such a tripping stave, calling aloud for a fit musician, has not been penned since "The Jolly Beggars." All the hearty carelessness of the labourer or the vagrant who draws to a warm inn fireside at nightfall rings through lines which celebrate

The swipes they take in at the Washington Inn.

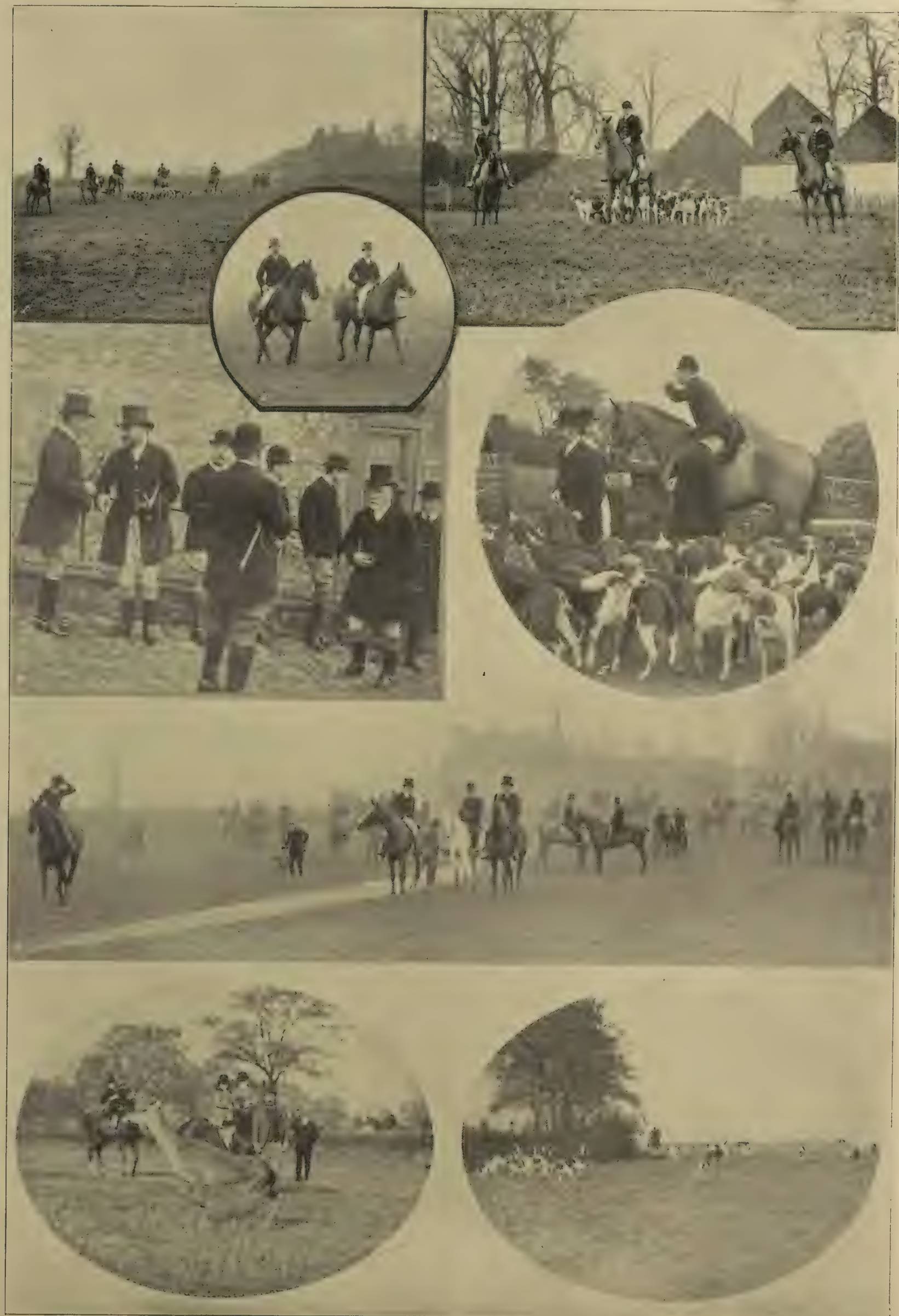
And then the refrain—

With my here it goes, there it goes,
All the fun's before us.
The door's ajar and the barrel is sprung,
The tipples aboard and the night is young;
I am singing the best song ever was sung,
And it has a rousing chorus.

The singer's claim is bold, but we are more than a little inclined to endorse it. With such a gift of hymning Father Lyaeus, why does he dally so long with the Muse of History? With can and lyie together he might rejuvenate English poetry.

FAMOUS BRITISH HUNTS.—No. VI.: LORD ROTHSCHILD'S STAGHOUNDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOWDEN.



1. ON THE WAY TO THE MEET.

2. THE HON. WALTER ROTHSCHILD AND LORD DALMENY.

3. THE PACK.

4. PROMINENT FOLLOWERS OF THE HOUNDS: MAJOR H. C. LEPPER

AND MR. C. JARVAL (ON RIGHT).

5. REFRESHMENT FOR THE HUNTSMAN.

6. THE MEET AT EYTHORP.

7. ENLARGING THE DEER.

8. HOUNDS ON THE LINE.



THE TRIAL OF THE DEAD IN ANCIENT EGYPT: A CHALLENGE OF THE BODY'S RIGHT TO CONSECRATED BURIAL.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

Before a dead body could be borne to the grave it was solemnly tried before forty-two judges, who sat crescent-wise on the banks of the sacred lake. By the margin lay a boat, rowed by one who impersonated the Egyptian equivalent for Charon. Any accuser was at liberty to lay what charge he pleased against the departed, and if it was sustained, the remains were denied burial in consecrated ground. If the accusation failed, the mummy was borne on the sacred bark to the caverns of the dead, and the accuser had himself to pay the penalty appointed for the crime he had laid to the charge of the departed.

THE PROPOSED CANONISATION OF JEANNE DARC: THE INITIAL CEREMONY.

CENTRAL DRAWING BY F. MATANIA, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ROME.



1. PORTRAIT OF JEANNE DARC, FROM AN OLD PRINT.

4. JEANNE DARC, AFTER CORBOULD.

5. THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PORTRAIT OF THE HEROINE IN THE HÔTEL DE VILLE AT ORLÉANS.

2. JEANNE DARC'S BIRTHPLACE, DOMRÉMY.

3. JEANNE DARC, FROM A PRINT OF 1769.

6. A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PORTRAIT OF JEANNE DARC, AFTER VOÛET.

8. A TYPICAL PROCESSION OF CANONISATION AT ST. PETER'S, 1712.



THE RUSSIAN LEGATION EN FÊTE.
THE EXTERIOR OF THE PALACE.

THE JAPANESE LEGATION.

THE PALACE GATE, WITH THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN THE BACKGROUND.
(Embassy distinguished by flag.)

THE RUSSO-JAPANESE BONE OF CONTENTION: SCENES IN SEOUL, THE CAPITAL OF KOREA.

THREE PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGUS HAMILTON.



A 15TH CENTURY CHÂTEAU PRESENTED TO THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

The Chateau of Langeais, the most beautiful existing type of fifteenth-century castellated architecture, has been presented to the Institute by a private benefactor, M. Jacques Siegfried.



RADIUM AS A TEST FOR DIAMONDS.

It has been discovered that if diamonds be submitted to the rays of radium, genuine stones will sparkle, but imitations remain opaque. We illustrate a recent experiment.

THE POSSIBILITY OF 110 MILES AN HOUR BY STEAM: TRAIN-RACING IN GERMANY.

Drawn by FERDINAND C. SCHMIDT, a Social Artist in Germany.

SECTION OF LINE SHOWING NEW GUARD-RAILS WITHIN EXISTING RAILS.



A SPEED TRIAL OF THE NEW FOUR-CYLINDER ENGINE ON A PERMANENT WAY IMPROVED FOR SAFETY.

The trials have taken place on the Cassel-Hanover line, with a new four-cylinder locomotive. Two cylinders are within the frame, two outside. The rails were specially guarded by two extra rails (here shown in section) to prevent the derailing of the vehicles at high speeds. The engine and one six-axle carriage attained a speed of 130 kilometres an hour.

MR CHAMBERLAIN'S TARIFF COMMISSION: THE FIRST MEETING.

Sir Vincent Caillard.

Mr. Chaplin.

Mr. C. A. Pearson. Sir Robert Herbert (Chairman). Mr. Chamberlain.

Professor Hewins (Sec.)

Mr. Percy Hurd Assist. Sec.)

Mr. Leverton Harris.

Mr. Alfred Mosely.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN DELIVERING THE OPENING ADDRESS TO HIS COMMISSIONERS AT THE WHITEHALL ROOMS, HOTEL MÉTROPOLE, JANUARY 15.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

"I have been invited, as your Honorary President, formally to open this Commission, which will, I firmly believe, mark an important stage in our commercial history."

LADIES' PAGES.

Lady Marjorie Greville's wedding to the heir of the Earl of Feversham, which is the leading event in its way of this week, gains in impressiveness by being celebrated at her own home. Warwick Castle is one of the oldest great houses of the land, and it has descended in the same family line for an unusual length of time. Its splendour and its beauty of surroundings are known to all visitors to Shakspeare's country. The bridegroom has shown an interest in philanthropic work; while the bride, though still so young, has been accustomed to take a share in public work for some time past; for even as a girl in her very earliest teens she often accompanied her mother, and sometimes even acted as Lady Warwick's deputy when delicate health prevented her attendance, at the "functions" that are pressed upon the great lady of a neighbourhood. Lady Marjorie Greville shares with the family of the late Lord Dufferin a closer acquaintance than is usual with children of the social ranks somewhat less elevated than her own, because of having been sent to attend at the high school of her own town as an ordinary pupil. She is devoted to animals, and has taken a practical interest in the home farm, where she was on friendly terms with the white heifers, and taught many of the animals usually considered antagonistic to form a truly happy family under her gracious persuasion. Lady Warwick has devoted an uncommon amount of her time and thought to improving the condition of her own tenantry in the first place, and of women at large in the next place, and has drawn her only daughter in to assist in her plans to a degree that will assuredly cause her to miss the companionship and sympathy of the bride even more than usual with mothers.

It surprised many people to hear that Princess Mathilde, the last of the generation of Bonapartes next to that of the so-called "Great" Napoleon, was at one time only fifth in succession from the English crown. It would indeed have been romantic if the niece of Napoleon had become Queen of England; yet shortly before Queen Victoria was born, to become in due course the ancestress of a large family of direct descendants from George III., it seemed that this strange event might happen. Princess Mathilde was the daughter of Napoleon the First's brother Jérôme, who repudiated his American wife in order to marry the daughter of the King of Württemberg. This Princess's mother was a sister of our own Queen Caroline, wife of George IV.; and they were both daughters of George the Third's eldest sister. Failing any direct issue of George the Third's children, of course his sister's children would have come into the line of succession; and we know that at one time (immediately after the death of Princess Charlotte of Wales) for a while it did seem as if there was to be such failure; though afterwards



A COSTUME OF BLACK VELOURS.

not only Queen Victoria and her descendants, but also the children of her uncles, the Duke of Cumberland and the Duke of Cambridge, came between the Bonaparte Princess and any chance of the English throne.

At the opening of Parliament on Feb. 2 there will be a great muster of peeresses, and it is decided to be an occasion for a full display of jewellery. The full beauty of precious stones in the sunlight may be seen by a visit, say, to the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, at 112, Regent Street, where a superb and unequalled stock of fine gem-work is every day on view. This company is always pleased to allow visitors to inspect the show-rooms without purchasing, and it is indeed a magnificent exhibition of the most costly and beautiful stones, set in the finest and latest designs, with French taste combined with English stability of workmanship. They have a business of such magnitude that they are able to command the pick of the market in precious stones, while at the same time they can for the like reason offer the best goods at the most moderate prices, and their ornaments are thus to be had at unusually low rates for the intrinsic value of the gems. There is one tall white velvet-lined case that contains always such superb jewels that it is an education to inspect them. They are the most magnificent sort of jewels, worthy of adorning the wealthiest and most fastidious of wearers—as might be inferred from the fact that the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company hold royal appointments to both the King and the Prince and Princess of Wales. It is quite impossible to do justice in description to the beauty of the rich ornaments to be seen in that great show-room. An illustrated brochure on "Diamonds," which the company have just issued, and will send free on application, does what is possible to display the glories of the ornaments to anybody who cannot make a personal inspection. But not only the wealthy are catered for, as the stock of small and inexpensive brooches, charms, and other trinkets is equally large and interesting in its own way, and every article shares in the advantage of owing to a very moderate price compared with the value, this happy effect depending on the company's large transactions in buying. Moreover, they are themselves the manufacturers of the goods they sell, so that the middleman's profit is saved; and this also enables them, when desired, to make a special design for any ornament, from a tiara or state necklace to a ring or pendant. They submit drawings for these new pieces, or for resetting old family jewels, and those chosen they will guarantee, if wished, not to repeat for any future customer; so that the owner may be sure of possessing an absolutely unique piece of jewellery in each case. At the same time, it is equally sure to be in the very highest degree artistic and fashionable. Silver and gold articles come under the same description, and the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company are constantly designing and



Fine Diamond and Pearl Scroll and Flower Brooch Necklet, with Platinum Chain Back, £40.



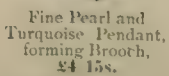
Fine Pearl and Green Tourmaline Scroll Brooch, £5 10s.



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Fine Pearl and Green Tourmaline Brooch, £4 5s.



Fine Pearl "1904" Safety-Pin Brooch, £1 5s.



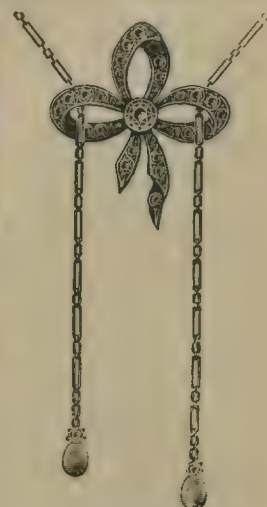
Fine Pearl and Enamel Pendant, forming Brooch, £5.



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The Simplest Truths are Mightiest in their Force!! IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."

'Her joy was Duty, And love was Law.'

ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST POETIC GEMS:
MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.
Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.
But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—
A wish, that she hardly dare to own,
For something better than she had known.
The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees to greet the maid,
And asked a draught from the spring that
flowed
Through the meadow across the road.
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,
And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.
"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter
draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."
He spoke of the grass and flowers and
trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming
bees;
Then talked of the haying, and wondered
whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul
weather.
And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown,
And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.
At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
"That I the Judge's bride might be!
"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
"And praise and toast me at his wine.
"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
"My brother should sail a painted boat;
"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
"And the baby should have a new toy each
day.
"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
"And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
"Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet;

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
"Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,
"But low of cattle and song of birds,
"And health and quiet and loving words."



Maud Muller.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in Court an old love tune:
And the young girl mused beside the well
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.
He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;
And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.
Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and clover-blossoms.
And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,
"Ah that I was free again!
"Free, as when I rode that day,
"Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."
She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.
But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.
And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,
In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.
And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.
Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,
And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.
Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."
Alas! for maiden, alas! for Judge,
For rich-repiner and household drudge!
God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

WHITTIER.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

How important it is to every individual to have at hand some simple, effective, and palatable remedy such as 'FRUIT SALT' to check disease at the onset! Whenever a change is contemplated likely to disturb the condition of health, let it be your companion, for, under any circumstances, its use is beneficial and never can do harm. It is absolutely essential to the healthy action of the animal economy. To travellers, emigrants, sailors, or residents in tropical climates it is invaluable. By its use the blood is kept pure, and fevers and epidemics prevented.

The use of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' Rectifies the Stomach and makes the Liver laugh with joy!

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.—Cavendish Square, W.: Oct. 26, 1894. "Dear Sir,—I have recently returned from Eastern Equatorial Africa, where I lived for upwards of twelve years. I enjoyed phenomenal health, and in my opinion it was undoubtedly owing to the daily use of your 'FRUIT SALT,' the beneficial qualities of which I had previously found in England. I have no hesitation in saying that my life was preserved by it. On my way home I had a severe attack of intermittent fever, the sea was rough, and the ship's medical attendant was (as that officer usually is) prostrate with *mal de mer*, and unable to attend to anyone. The fever gained and gained on me, but after a few doses of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' I at last fell into a refreshing sleep, and found on awakening that the intense thirst had gone, and long before I had arrived at Aden was as well as I had ever been in my life.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly, ANGLO-AFRICAN."

The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' upon any Disordered or Feverish condition, or for Sea-Sickness, is Simply
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CAUTION.—Examine the Bottle and Capsule, and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Otherwise you have a WORTHLESS Imitation.

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manufacturing to order fine presentation pieces, caskets, cups, swords of honour, and the like special gifts.

The Pope has caused consternation among Italian society women by ordering that low-cut bodices shall not be worn at dinners or receptions at which Bishops or Cardinals are expected to be present. Not since Savonarola besieged the wealthy women of Florence to give up to him to sell for the poor all their ornaments and gauds has any religious authority caused such dismay to the decorative instincts of wealthy women. Meantime, Roman ladies are "in a fix," and presumably the same order applies to English Catholic women, only, fortunately for them in this respect, their Church dignitaries are not so commonly met in society in this country as they are at Rome.

Smart high bodices have always been more in favour in France than with us; the custom of going to the theatre in a décolleté gown is not followed there, and every society woman has in her wardrobe at least one gown that is suited for theatre and restaurant wear—for at the latter places, also, a "real lady" does not show her shoulders to all and sundry. Hence, the French modistes are more apt than our own at turning out dainty and dressy little corsages for evening wear, dowdiness being as absent from those confections as from a full evening cut. A lace guimpe is one device for prettily filling in to the point of the throat a low bodice. It comes in particularly well with the Empire fashion, the lace yoke passing very naturally into similar lace trimming, put on the short bodice. I lately saw a really handsome evening gown with a bodice up to the throat that had been built by one of the great Paris women. It was constructed of Parma-violet coloured crêpe-de-Chine, painted with orchids; they ran up the front breadth of the skirt, which was laid flatly and edged on each side with a band of violet and silver sequin passementerie. This glittering line of trimming continued up to the throat, but a few folds of the material softened the junction between the band of sequins and the orchid-painted vest; round the throat a deep fall of Venetian point lace was placed collar-wise, held on with diamond brooches, and the throat rising out of it was surrounded by a deep pearl collar with diamond slides. The full sleeves of the gown were plain crêpe-de-Chine, as were the back of the corsage and the long train; at the elbow a band of passementerie was laid round so as to gather in slightly the wide fullness of the upper sleeve, and a full loose pleated piece fell thence, with a narrower inner sleeve resting against the arm of the rich and heavy rose-point lace.

Sequins hold their own for evening wear, and alone make an excellent brilliance of effect out of a plainly constructed high-cut evening bodice. Queen Alexandra's dress one evening at Chatsworth was so much admired that if sequins had been fading from fashionable favour their vogue would have been revived. The lovely



A CASINO GOWN.

confection in which her Majesty appeared was of net, the foundation almost hidden by being encrusted with heliotrope sequins and cut jet of the same colour, combined with a certain relief of silver sequins. The effect was dazzling. A yoke and well-chosen decorations of good sequin passementerie will usually redeem a high gown from extreme plainness. Flowers are another resource; not primly and stiffly perched on the shoulder, but a plentiful supply of them arranged over one half of the figure from below the shoulder to the bust, and lightly trailing around the opposite half of the bodice; this plenitude of floral decoration in a desirable flower or a wise admixture of blossoms, combined with a real lace fichu or berthe, is assuredly pretty and "evening-looking" enough for any occasion. But the fact remains that a bare neck and arms, with plenty of ornaments flashing and gleaming against the white bosom and throat, is more effective under the gas or electric light than any device of the modistic imagination for covering them up.

During the present week a large party of young women will sail for Canada, there to be employed as factory-workers. A great deal has been done in past years to promote the emigration of domestic servants, but hitherto the British Women's Emigration Association has not grappled with the problem of the factory-worker. The officials of the association have taken care to satisfy themselves that there is a real demand in the Dominion for such workers, for it seems that several firms in Canada, on whom the execution of large orders is pressing, are at a loss for hands. One of the largest factories, indeed, is said to have twenty-five machines lying idle. This pressure of work in Canada coincides with a slackness in this country in similar departments of labour. Some firms, it would appear, have been working only half-time, and others have been reducing their staff. In other cases, Englishwomen have lost their usual employment through the engagement of aliens by certain firms.

One would have thought that the question as to the propriety of smoking for women had grown somewhat ancient, but a leading daily newspaper has thought it worth while to open its columns to a controversy on the subject. The only new fact which the discussion seems to have produced is the rather astonishing statement that in certain clubs lady members are requested to refrain from smoking pipes in the presence of gentlemen. The pipe in the mouth of the female field-labourer is not unfamiliar, but that it had invaded the boudoir is rather startling, and, to some writers on the subject, shocking. An artistically minded person who wishes to feminise—if there be such a word—the Johnsonian tradition, prescribes the "churchwarden" as eminently fitted for ladies, and dwells with affectionately picturesque phrase upon the dainty suitability of the long-stemmed pipe for the dainty hands of womankind. After all, it is a matter on which individual taste must give the decision.

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MONTE CARLO.

Hurrying from frost, snow, and fog, travellers step from the deck of the *Queen* into railway carriages, fitted with every modern comfort, awaiting them at Calais. A well-spread dinner, and then to bed, to wake on the following morning at Marseilles and catch sight of the clear blue sky with the sun shining brightly. Great-coats and wraps may be laid aside. It is hardly credible

with the geranium, with roses and verbena and heliotrope in full bloom, momentarily arrest the attention, and then Cannes is reached. Waving palm-trees and boughs laden with the golden fruit of the orange and lemon meet the eye, while the broad panorama of the Mediterranean opens out, showing the point of the famous Esterel, where all "save the spirit of man is divine." Cannes receives its tribute of visitors. A strong contingent is claimed by Nice,

of the tropical flora. There is the Casino, the Cercle des Etrangers, the winter resort of cosmopolitan rank and fashion, with the most varied attractions. There is everything to amuse, from the races at Nice to the sea-trips organised by the Hamburg-America Company between Nice and Genoa. The pigeon-shooting has already commenced, and when the important events are on the point of being discussed, the best shots from the Gun Club and Hurlingham



MONTE CARLO.

that such a radical change can have taken place within the brief period of one night. The fresh flowers meet one at Toulon; violets with the dew on them from Hyères, with the white narcissus and bundles of roses culled at early morn. A curious glance is cast at the labourer among the vines turning over the rich soil, wrapped in what would be termed winter garments, while the train rushes along with opened windows, its passengers exclaiming against any attempt to warm the carriages. Wayside stations, where hedgerows are planted

where a long halt is made, and then every available seat in the train is occupied by those who are bound for Monte Carlo, one of the marvels of the world, proving what taste and art can encompass when backed up by money. The once barren, rocky plateau of Monte Carlo has been transformed into a terrestrial paradise, with its fairy-like gardens, magnificent villas, palatial hotels, and the broad terraces overhanging the sea in the midst of the palm and the aloe, the date-tree, and the cactus, as well as the choicest specimens

will measure themselves with the Italians who come to Monte Carlo year after year, and have more than once won the classic items from a liberally drawn-up programme. With such attractions, to say nothing of those known to such as worship at the shrine of green cloth, no wonder that Monte Carlo has been styled the jewel of the Riviera, and has grown annually more and more in favour with the English and American visitor, who can bask in the sun in the midst of January, and gaze at a cloudless sky or a sea eternally blue.



THE SUCCESSES OF ELIZABETH.

No. 6.

A Chat with the Cook.

MISTRESS: I have just come down to tell you what a success our dinner was.

COOK: Thank you, ma'am.

MISTRESS: The soup was simply perfect.

COOK: Ah! ma'am, but there is little thanks to me in that.

MISTRESS: And the gravies were superb.

COOK: Begging your pardon, ma'am, but how could they help being? I used LEMCO in both of them.

MISTRESS: But you must let me give you some of the credit.

COOK: And quite right, ma'am. But it's enough credit for me that I know enough to use LEMCO when making soups and gravies. If all mistresses were like you, ma'am, and asked to have LEMCO used in the soups and gravies, there would be fewer poor cooks in the world.

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And many larger sizes at proportionate prices. Nearly all the medium and best Numbers are of Jas. Coulson & Co.'s own hand-loom manufacture.

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Axminster Carpeting see Illustration in Clearance Catalogue, and other Designs. Three complete stocks of the highest grade goods produced in Great Britain, consisting of 9425 yards. We shall sell the whole at an actual saving of fully 20 per cent., and 1½d. per yard less than to-day's lowest price anywhere. A saving of 4s. 6d. in every £1.

Lowest Price	Selling
Sold Anywhere.	at
Filling Carpet	4/3 yd. 3/3
Stair Carpet, 27 in. wide	4/3 3/3
Stair Carpet, 36 in. wide	6/9 5/3

Lot No. 16. WILTON.

See Illustration in Clearance Catalogue, and a Selection of good Designs and Colouring. These Carpets we guarantee to be of the very finest quality procurable anywhere. They are manufactured by the best makers in Great Britain. Here is an actual saving of 1s. 6d. per yard on every yard bought, and 5s. in every 20s.

Lowest London	Clearing
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Filling Carpet	6/3 yd. 4/9
Stair Carpet, 27 in. wide	6/3 4/9
Stair Carpet, 36 in. wide	10/3 7/11

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See Illustration in Clearance Catalogue and other Designs. Brussels, finest quality to be found anywhere, a fair selection of patterns, some quite new last year. These are really marvellous value, at lower price than they cost from the loom.

Lowest Price	Selling
Anywhere.	at
Filling Carpet	3/11 per yd. 2/11

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Strong Scotch Net Curtains, hundreds of beautiful designs, from 4s. 6d. to 39s. per pair, in soft tones of ivory or white. These Curtains will stand hard wear.

Elegant Swiss Embroidered Lace Curtains at 21s. per pair. Rich effects. These Curtains are absolutely the best Handsome Real Lace Curtains, from 21s. per pair. [value yet offered.]

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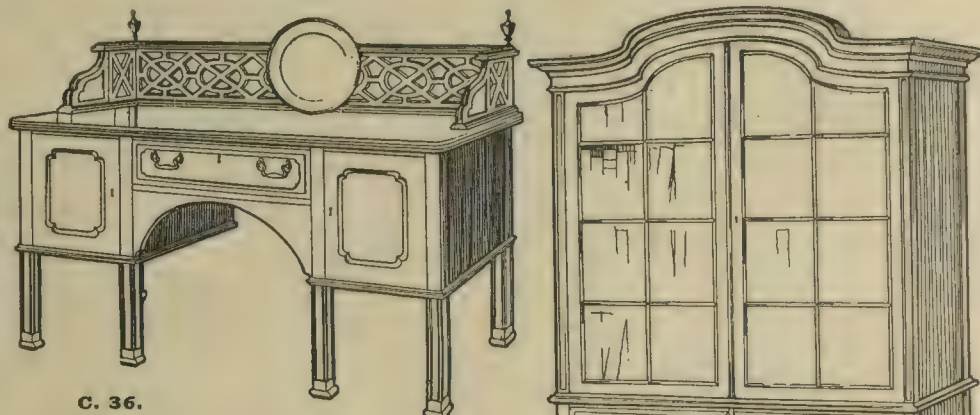
A Manufacturer's Stock of Heavy Tapestry Curtains in shades blue, green, terra, and crimson, with handsome Borders both sides and bottom, some with plain centres, others with figured centres, 12 yds. wide, 3½ yds. long. The above are admirably adapted for Dining-Room, Library, Billiard-Room, and Hall Curtains.

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Original Price.	Being	Original Price.	Being
£ s. d.	Cleared at	£ s. d.	Cleared at
A best quality Couch, in fine wool tapestry	8 17 6	5 17 6	
Easy Chair in Super Velvet and Silk Trimmings	13 10 0	6 15 0	
Oak Library Armchairs in Leather	4 10 0	2 5 0	
Louis XV. Carved and Gilt Settee, covered Velvet	20 0 0	10 0 0	
6 ft. 6 in. Chesterfield Sofas in Tapestry, stuffed all hair	9 10 0	7 15 0	
A Carved Mahogany X-seat Chair, with tapestry cushion	5 5 0	2 12 6	



C. 36.

C. 26.

C. 36.—5 ft. Mahogany Chippendale Sideboard, wood trellis back. Usual price, £9 10s.; being cleared at £7 15s.

C. 26.—Oak Bookcase in the Queen Anne style, 4 ft. 5 in. wide, 6 ft. 6 in. high. Usual price, £14 10s.; being cleared at £9 18s. 6d.

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Original Price.	Being	Original Price.	Being
£ s. d.	Cleared at	£ s. d.	Cleared at
5 ft. 8 in. 4-fold Silk Embroidered Screens, canvas backs	25s. od.	14s. 9d.	
6 ft. 4-fold Decorated Art Canvas Screens, in soft shades of red, green, and blue	55s. od.	39s. 6d.	
5 ft. 9 in. 3-fold Mahogany Inlaid Screens, glass panels at top, silk tapestry below		£6 15s. 98s. 6d.	
A Carved Mahogany Louis XVI. 3-fold Screen, silk panels		£9 15s. £3 15s.	
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"Illustrated London News" (January, 1904).

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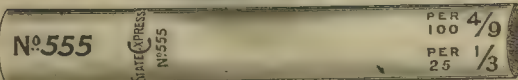
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BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

"Burke" remains the most comprehensive of the peerages; and the passage of the years seems only to enhance its value as a work of reference. Mr. Ashworth P. Burke still follows Sir Bernard Burke's admirable original plan, and his new issue contains all the latest information, all the honours conferred in 1903 being included. Messrs. Harrison and Sons justly claim that in "Burke" they publish a book of easy and quick reference, combined with a work of real historic interest and value.

Recent claims to peerages are noted in the new issue of "Debrett" (Dean and Son), which maintains its place as a standard work of reference. New honours and last year's obituary are tabulated in a convenient form. This is the 191st year of the publication.

"Whitaker's Almanack," which sees its 36th annual volume, devotes considerable space to the Fiscal Question and to recent Political History. The same publisher also continues his handy Peerage, which is invaluable for references where exhaustive information is not essential. Last, and by no means least, we have

our ancient and trusty ally, "Kelly's London Directory," of which it is difficult to say anything original, for its accuracy and utility are a truism.

An opportunity of hearing the Bohemian String Quartet will be given to music-lovers at the Broadwood Concerts on Feb. 4, Feb. 25, and March 3.

MUSIC.

The musical world, at any rate the musical world that gives performances, has lately been almost dormant. On Friday, Jan. 22, Mr. Henry Wood will reappear in London to conduct an evening concert of Miss Marie Hall at the St. James's Hall, when she will play in three violin concertos—one of Mendelssohn, one of Beethoven, and one of Tschaiikowsky. On the following Friday evening, Jan. 29, M. Ysaye is to play three violin concertos—one in E flat major of Mozart, one in D of Beethoven, and one in B minor of Saint-Saëns.

At her concert on Jan. 28 at the St. James's Hall, Madame Kallicooda, the lady who made a successful début at Herr Kubelik's concert last October, will introduce two artists who have not been heard before in London. These are—Miss Swinnerton-Heap, daughter of the late Dr. Swinnerton-Heap, of Birmingham, and a new baritone, Mr. John Prowse, from New Zealand.



JAPANESE ARTILLERY AT OSAKA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. COLLINGWOOD INGRAM.

The Japanese artillery is one of the best equipped and most efficient arms of the service, and is armed with the latest type of guns.

Messrs. Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to the King, have issued a pamphlet, entitled "The Best Food for Infants," the perusal of which is strongly recommended to all interested in the rearing of infants. This particular food was first introduced by the above firm more than forty years ago, and its constantly extended use and increased reputation are sufficient proofs that it has been found to supply and satisfy in a perfectly natural manner the requirements of infant life. The booklet above mentioned contains a full account of the constituents of the food, which has the fullest approval of the first authorities in the medical profession, as well as much sound information of value to nurses and mothers.

Savory & Moore's Infants' Food was devised in consultation with the greatest physiological and chemical authority, and is manufactured under the close and personal direction of the members of the firm, an absolute guarantee being thus afforded that



in its preparation the Food has the benefit of scientific supervision.

In addition, Savory & Moore's Food for Infants has the stamp and seal of excellence set upon it by being the chosen and approved of royal nurseries, the most recent to adopt it being the Court of Italy, which thus follows the precedent set by our English Court, as well as Germany and Russia. What Royalty adopts may be safely chosen by the people, and it may be safely assumed that in high places where the best medical advice is available, the choice of this food, in climates so varying and with medical practice so diverse as in Russia, Germany, Spain, and Italy, shows there must be some inherent and emphatic superiority to explain this universal adoption.

Savory & Moore's Food for Infants is obtainable everywhere, and a copy of the above-mentioned pamphlet and other useful particulars will be forwarded post free on application to 143, New Bond Street, London, W.

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THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

(Second Notice.)

Mr. Whistler, the late President of the International Society, is represented at the New Gallery by one of the early "Valparaiso" paintings, owned by Mr. Graham Robertson; by the well-known "Symphony in White," from the collection of Mr. Davis; and by "Rose et Or," the unfinished full-length portrait of a woman. Nothing remains by now to be said of the two first-named canvases; and of the third not much more than that "Rose et Or" is a work of great beauty in its incompleteness, and not without promise of being a first-class Whistler. Occupying the vis-à-vis place of honour is another "Lady in Pink." This is by Mr. John Lavery, and the resemblance and conjunction in subject and hanging may be taken as accidentally expressive of the kinship between the work of "the master" and of a painter who here confesses his derivations. Mr. Lavery is, of course, no mere imitator; nor is the success of this canvas instantly apparent. Standing before it, there are passages which baffle and affront; and only afterwards in memory does one become aware of the impression that has been made. The picture has a haunting quality; it persists and lives. Less subtle, but even more satisfactory, is "The First Communion," of the same artist—the portrait of a child standing arrayed in the white dress and wreath of a First Communicant. The subject

was a trial of Mr. Lavery's strength; for obviously the rather dirty effects to which he is prone would here be out of keeping with the youth of the sitter and the suggestions of the occasion. The artist's triumph can be recorded: the flesh is simple; there has been no tampering with the skin, no faking of hair; the white is beautiful without artifice, and is clean without being stiff or neat in any way that depresses.

Fritz Thaulow exhibits nothing to equal the canvases that have represented him for the past few seasons in Burlington House. There seems to be a slight danger of his overdoing the effects of varied colour on a wall or a road or a river, which are so subtle in nature that many eyes miss them. It was the paradox of a great painter that nature should be improved upon; and we constantly hear the orator who thinks that he gives greater body to his argument by raising his voice; but Nature has other ways of dealing with her too interfering and too loud interpreters.

A great deal of space is occupied by the canvases of Zuloaga, a painter of a certain vivacity which passes for life, but a bad colourist and an inexpert modeller. Another artist who has over-representation is Félicien Rops. Why the repulsive woman-and-pig picture—seen and reprobated many years ago—should be dragged out again we cannot imagine. Least of all need it be re-seen in a gallery which has among its adherents those who abhor "anecdote" and the didactic, and who weary with averments that morals have nothing

to do with art. Some of the designs of Félicien Rops are too disgraceful for mention; and the visitor, who resents their presence, will naturally wonder why men like Forain and Steinlen are not to be found on these International walls.

Mr. Charles H. Shannon sends several canvases, "The Bathers" among the rest. All are distinguished by a beauty and refinement that, nevertheless, slightly palls, as belonging to a world that is not ours, and that is even fuller of fogs and mists—a sort of dream-inferno. Among the portraits, Mr. W. M. Chase has the "Head of a Boy"—a very expert achievement; J. E. Blanche a "Mr. George Moore" that is able and lifelike; there is a "Little Girl" by Carolus-Duran; there is the "Cardinal Rampolla" of Philip E. Laszlo; and another old friend, or enemy, the rather flagrant presentment of Pope Leo XIII.


The sculpture at the International represents M. Rodin in two of his most important works. He is further seen to advantage in the wonderfully fine bronze "Torso of St. John."

Messrs. W. H. Bailey and Co., Limited, Salford, Manchester, have secured a license from Mr. E. W. Köster, of the firm of Messrs. Pokorny and Wittekind, Frankfurt, for the sole right to manufacture in the United Kingdom his patent Positive Valve Air-Compressors and Vacuum Pumps, which were awarded a gold medal at the recent Düsseldorf Exhibition.

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Director of the Royal Conservatorium of Music, DR. RÖNTSCH.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Everyone is glad to learn that the Bishop of Southwell does not contemplate resignation. Although he is seventy-five years of age, Dr. Ridding continues in satisfactory health, and with the aid of his gifted and much-loved wife, Lady Laura Ridding, he carries out with full efficiency the duties of the diocese.

Canon Pereira, the Bishop Suffragan of Croydon, is fifty-eight years of age, and has been in Holy Orders since 1870. For fourteen years he did excellent work as Rector of St. Lawrence, Southampton, and he has been Vicar of Croydon since 1894. He will now vacate his Croydon Vicarage for the living of All Hallows, Lombard Street. Canon Pereira is a good preacher and an active temperance reformer, while his charming manners long ago won the affection of the Croydon people.

The Bishop of Stepney has been taking a short rest at St. Leonards, where he gave an address on behalf of the East London Fund. He said that in East London the whole outward semblance has been refined beyond belief, but the area of average poverty has increased. Scenes of wild and profligate debauchery are not witnessed, and drunkenness has diminished, though not,

perhaps, the habit of drinking. As regards the factory-girls, Dr. Lang said that the organisation of temptation by which they are surrounded is incredible.

A memorial to the late Vicar of Bishop's Stortford, the Rev. F. W. Rhodes, has been dedicated by the Bishop of Colchester in the church of All Saints, Hockerill. Mr. Rhodes, who was the father of Cecil John Rhodes, was mainly instrumental in the building of this church fifty years ago, and a painted window representing "Charity" and "Truth" will fitly preserve the memory of his work.

The health of Bishop Kyle has been causing some anxiety, and his doctors have ordered him to give up work for a month. The Bishop of Winchester had intended to visit the Channel Islands during the second half of January, but this duty is to be undertaken by the Bishop of Southampton.

That popular young preacher, the Rev. John Kelman, of Edinburgh, has begun a series of lectures on Browning. The best of his published works is his study of Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Kelman is also giving a course of lectures on Palestine.

Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon has so far advanced towards convalescence that she and Mr. Spurgeon have left town

this week for Bournemouth. Her serious illness developed with unexpected rapidity in the middle of last September, and since that time she has been an invalid. Mr. Spurgeon met his bride in New Zealand ten years before he accepted the pastorate of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

An extraordinary instance of the increase in the value of land in London is afforded by the St. Clement Dane's Holborn Estate Charity. Purchased in 1552 for £160, the property now produces an income of £7000 per annum. Mr. Charles J. Livett has just been appointed Clerk to the Trustees and Managers.

Among the musical items of the week the recital of the Angelus Piano-Player calls for notice. It may be said at once that the prejudice against mechanical playing is rapidly dying out, owing to the perfection now attained. The rendering of such difficult compositions as Chopin's Grand Polonaise, E flat, Op. 22, which formed a leading number in the programme, demonstrated the promise of the mechanical piano-player. The performer attained some of the more delicate features of the music with astonishing sympathy and feeling.



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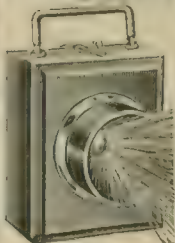
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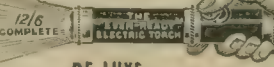
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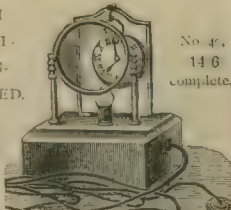
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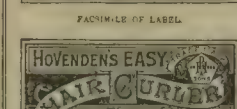
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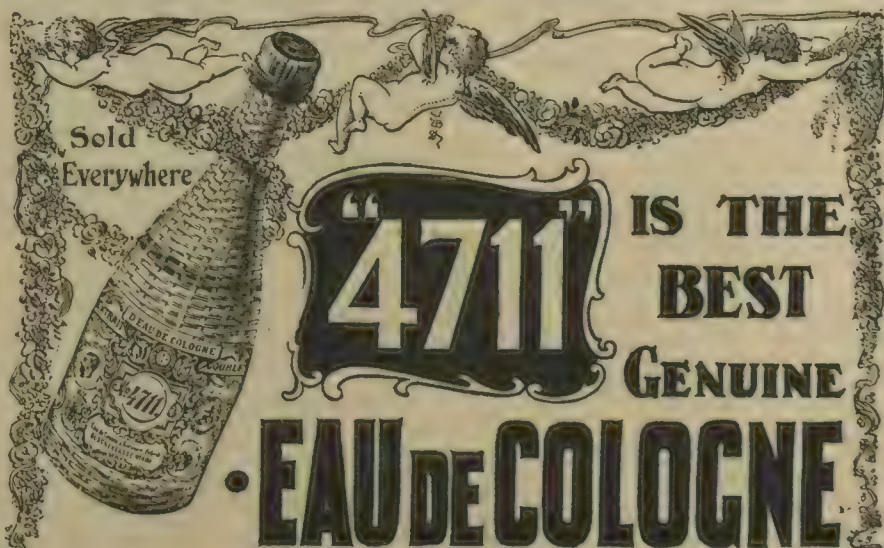
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Perthshire, of the trust disposition and settlement of Sir John Muir, Bart., of Deanston, Doune, Perthshire, and of Glasgow, who died on Aug. 6, granted to Sir Alexander Kay Muir, Bart., and James Finlay Muir, the sons, and Robert Henry Sinclair, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Jan. 8, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £862,802.

The will (dated Oct. 27, 1903) of Mr. John Penn, M.P., of 22, Carlton House Terrace, who died in November, was proved on Jan. 8 by George Eliot Hodgkin and William Wilton Phipps, the executors, the value of the estate being £228,462. The testator gives £2000 to the Miller Hospital and Royal Kent Dispensary (Greenwich Road); £10,000 and an annuity of £1000 to Mabel Joan Wauchope; £1000 each to his brother William and his sisters Mrs. Ellen Green and Mrs. Isabella Stokes; £5000 to George Eliot Hodgkin; £5000 and the wines and spirits at his residences to William Wilton Phipps; £3000 to Mrs. Charles Kerr; £1000 to Arthur T. Rickards; an annuity of £120 to Kathleen Bloomfield; and legacies to servants and others. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his two daughters, Amy Dorothea Penn and Marion Joan Bowles.

The will (dated Aug. 4, 1896), with a codicil (dated Dec. 13, 1898), of Henry Edward John, Baron Stanley

of Alderley, of Alderley Park, Chester, who died on Dec. 10, was proved on Jan. 11 by Robert Manners Williams, Theodore Julius Hare, and John Mitford, the executors, the value of the estate being £123,516. The testator bequeaths to his wife the furniture, etc., at 15, Grosvenor Gardens, and two insurances on his life for £1000, and he charges the settled estate with the payment to her of £1300 per annum; to each of his executors £200; to Emma Belloc £2000; to Samuel Digby £1200; and to Robert Manners Williams £2000. He devises all the hereditaments within six miles as the crow flies of Alderley Park to his brother Edward, for life, but charged with the payment of £1200 per annum to Lady Stanley, and on the decease of his brother such property is to follow the trusts of a settlement dated March 2, 1872. Lord Stanley further devises the Grafton Hall estates, and his ground rents in the City of Chester to Geoffrey, second son of Piers Egerton Warburton, for life, or until he shall come into the Arley Hall property, and then for his first and other sons, with remainders over to other persons should such sons succeed to Arley Hall; and he settles the Manor of Birtles, Prestbury, and property at Rhos, Holyhead, on his nephew Arthur. The Pessaddfeld property in Anglesea he leaves to his wife for life, with various remainders over, but charged with the payment of £500 per annum to the person who shall be in possession of the Grafton Hall property. Other lands in Anglesea and the

Broadheath estate are to follow the trusts of the settled estates. A mortgage for £27,000, and the residue of his real estate he leaves in trust for the person who is in receipt of the rents and profits of Grafton Hall. The residue of his personal property he leaves to Robert Manners Williams, John Mitford, and Emma Belloc.

The will (dated April 2, 1901) of Mr. Thomas Kemble, J.P., of Runwell Hall, Essex, who died on Nov. 17, was proved on Jan. 12 by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Kemble and Captain Horatio Fraser Kemble, R.N., the sons, the value of the estate being £80,080. The testator gives £2000 debentures of the Northampton Brewery Company to his daughter Emily Chalker Pearse; £1000 and the money at Messrs. Barclay's Bank at Chelmsford, to his son Henry; £300 to his son Horatio; his debenture stock of the Kirkstall Brewery Company, and furniture, etc., of the value of £400 each, to his daughters Hester Blanche and Augusta Frances; £300 to his daughter-in-law Frances J. Kemble; £1000 to his wife; the farms known as Bretts and Burrs to the person who shall succeed him in the possession of the Runwell Hall property; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, to pay one fourth of the income to his wife, and the remainder between his five children and daughter-in-law. On the decease of Mrs. Kemble the ultimate residue is to be equally divided among his two sons, his three daughters, and his daughter-in-law.

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Biliousness

ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

A well-known writer has said there are only two really bad things on earth—sin and bile. He may be right. Misdirected action is sin. Misdirected bile is biliousness. Think carefully over your own sensations, and see if they are not similar to the symptoms briefly described below, which are all the direct outcome of biliousness. Every thought of food is nauseous. Every time the room gets warm you feel very uncertain as to whether you're going to be sick. If you hurry to catch a car or a train—there's the feeling again. Headaches turning off with sickness, a nasty coated tongue, and other symptoms of biliousness, and a symptom most distressing to the female sex is the fearful greenish-yellow colour which the face comes to have if biliousness is allowed to continue—all this arises from misdirected bile, which is due primarily to improper liver action. It is by prompting the liver to proper action, by purifying the blood from the bile elements which have escaped into it, and, in short, correcting the whole process of bile secretion that Bile Beans cure biliousness where they are used. It doesn't matter whether you've been bilious for a week or for a year; they act just as well on a case of long standing as on one of short duration. Only, in long-standing cases they need a little more time.



MRS. JANET THOMSON.

From a Photo.

An illustration of this is the case of Mrs. Janet Thomson, of Kirktonholm Street, Kilmarnock, who, at an interview with a "Kilmarnock Standard" representative, said—

"It is now twenty years since I first fell ill, and during the whole of that time I have never felt really well. I began by having dreadful headaches. The pain was simply indescribable, being accompanied by sore sickness and violent vomiting. It was a nasty, greenish-yellow matter that was expelled; and I remember I still felt sick when not a bit of food was left in my stomach. The retching was most agonising, and I have even fallen senseless on the floor on account of it. My face was almost livid, and I trembled from head to foot. On account of the pains in my head, I could not bear the smallest ray of sunlight, and was bound to draw down the blinds for protection. My tongue was badly coated—sometimes as thick as half-a-crown; and try as I would, I could never get it cleaned. Many a time I have lain a week in bed and scarcely broken my fast. Even soda-water would not remain long on my stomach, for I always wanted to vomit. The pain made me utterly helpless. I don't think it is possible for anybody else to have suffered from bile as I have done. For six years at least I could not even think of doing any housework at all, and my daughter had to stay away from her work to take my place.

"I had a doctor in, and he said that my ailment was of too long standing to leave a cure probable, and he told me that starvation was the only thing to relieve me. He gave me some pills, which did me a little good temporarily.

"One day my husband saw a mention of Bile Beans, and he got some for me. For a week or two I felt no benefit at all, but gradually the attacks grew less severe, and I began to be able to eat a bit. Little by little the improvement continued, until I was at length quite restored, fully cured—in fact, it is marvellous that after twenty years' agony I should be well again."

Bile Beans for Biliousness are the safest family medicine, and a speedy and permanent cure for Headache, Constipation, Piles, Colds, Liver Chill, Influenza, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bad Breath, Indigestion, Flatulence, Loss of Appetite, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Buzzing in the Head, Nervousness, Debility, Anæmia, and all Female Ailments. Of all Medicine Vendors, 1s. 1½d. per box; or large family size, 2s. 9d. (2s. 9d. size contains three times 1s. 1½d.).

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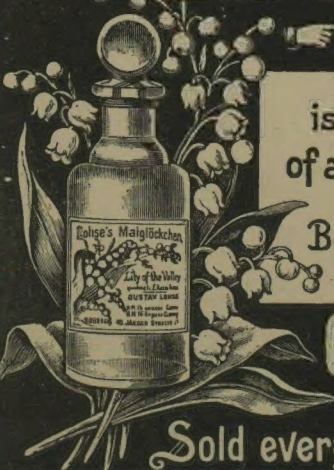
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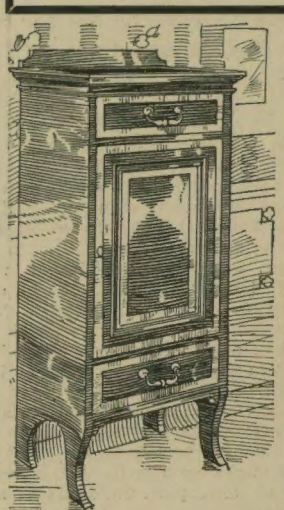
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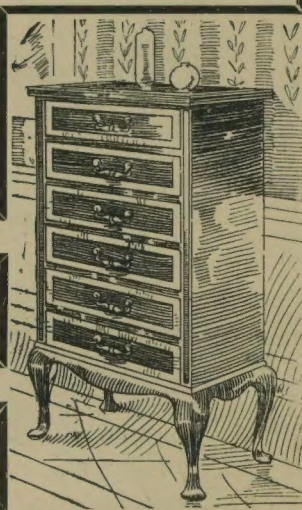
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G.C. 3467. Because (Guy d'Hardelot).
G.C. 3474. The Shepherd's Cradle Song (Somerville).
G.C. 3483. Wise Folly (Landon Ronald).
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G.C. 3408. A Folk Song (Clutsam).

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R.L. 7957. Sextette from "Lucia di Lammermoor," by St. Lubin.

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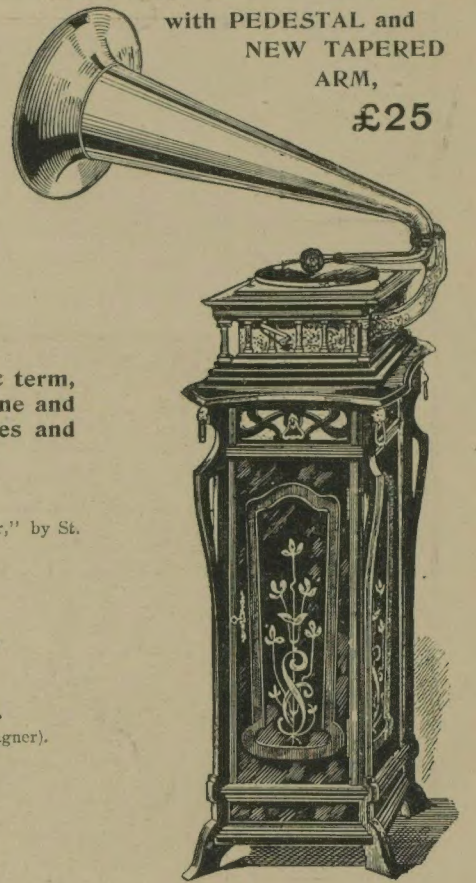
(Drum and Fife).
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